

NATIONAL *Monthly* *about* *People* MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

INSIDE THE CONFERENCE HALL

Personal
Glimpses
of the
Delegates
in
Session

Peace
on Earth
Good Will
to Men

Earnest
Words
that
Echo the
World's
Hope

CHRISTMAS
NUMBER

December, 1921

Twenty Cents



HEART THRILLS OF HISTORY

COLUMBUS, the great navigator, on the morning of Friday, the 12th of October, in the year 1492, first set foot upon the shore of the New World. He was richly clad and bore himself with an exalted manner as befitting one about to participate in a holy ceremony. He bore the royal banner of Spain and was accompanied by the members of the crews of his little fleet of three tiny vessels. When they all had "given thanks to God, kneeling upon the shore, and kissed the ground with tears of joy, for the great mercy received," the Admiral named the island San Salvador, and took solemn possession of it for the King and Queen of Spain. His real heart thrill had come when at two o'clock in the morning the look-out on the "Santa Maria" had electrified the fleet by his cry of "Land!"

Send Your Heart Thrill to the NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Heart Thrills mark the "high spots" of human experience—those times when we stand, as it were, upon Olympus in company with the gods. Great moments come in the lives of every human being. Everyone experiences a real "Heart Thrill" at times. . . .

Not all of us can be great artists or noted authors, famous explorers or renowned scientists, great generals or beloved movie stars—but to each and every one of us there comes at least one supreme moment, some sight or sound or emotional experience, the realization of a cherished dream, the attainment of some ambition—*something* that lifts us for the time being up from the usual level of existence till our heads are among the stars and our souls vibrate to a "Heart Thrill," the memory of which will linger in our recollection till the end of Time. . . .

We want YOU to tell the readers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE about YOUR "Heart Thrill." We're going to hold a regular human experience meeting in the pages of the NATIONAL, and we want YOU to brighten the corner where you are with YOUR experience. Make it brief in the telling—three hundred words or less and mail it to the "Heart Thrills" editor of the NATIONAL.

DANTE, the greatest of all poets in a nation of great poets, from whose brain sprang fully grown the Italian language in all its purity and sweetness, with all its aptitude for expressing the tenderness of love and the violence of passion, was so overcome at first sight of Beatrice that, in his own words, "At that moment, I saw most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secretest chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith." And, though he actually saw the object of his adoration but a few times, her mortal love guided him for thirteen years, and her immortal spirit purified his later life and revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Boston 25, Mass.



Just Among Ourselves

LOCATION is everything in life! It makes for man, for commerce, and for international fame.

The farmer who can sell his potatoes to a nearby market and thus save much transportation expense, is doing so because he is "located properly." The four inches of space occupied by an insurance office in the heart of the downtown section of New York City rents for an enormous amount, but still the owner is netting huge returns—because he is "located properly." So with the doctor, the dentist, the modiste shop, the broker—all, whose thriving business is indicated on their cash registers—they are all "in the whirl" because they are "located properly."

The map of the United States covers a huge area, however, and inasmuch as this is so, there are many people "left out in the cold." For them there is this alternative—they are privileged to accept as a substitute the services and results of "agents of location,"—which is the next best thing!

Most of us cannot possibly crowd into the "news centers of the world." We must be content to stay without and become recipients of current news through the medium of publications. Each publication has its individual objective. Each contributes to the satisfying of a certain desire; in each, people find some one phase of life—news that appeals to them.

The NATIONAL magazine is for you "the hub of the wheel." It gives you in the main news of what the most-talked-of men in the United States are doing. Its staff locates these men of whom you read every day in the papers, of whom you speak every day to your neighbors. Its editor is your "locality agent." For twenty cents per month he gives you material to exploit in your speech at the next banquet in connection with which you expect to be called upon to render a "short talk."

"When Winter Comes"—you will take to your study oftener and remain there for a longer period of time than you did during the balmy seasons of the year. You will want to get re-acquainted with the world, and you will want to begin with the men and women located in the public eye, in Congress, in the White House and Cabinet, in the markets, in music, drama and literature—because these are the people who generally start things going around in our very busy country. You can have them call on you.

Now, then, why not the NATIONAL? Start the New Year right; let us know you have started it right—you are already conversant with the method of procedure with which to "start it in right." If Destiny has been kind to you and placed you in the "news centers," where you can grab everything first-hand, where you have the right to scorn mere periodicals as channels of conveying current news, do your friend or distant relative a little bit of good and send them a year's subscription to the NATIONAL. That friend or relative who has been less fortunate in securing the "proper location" will find us "a welcome messenger" and good diversion.

Let the books "Heart Throbs" and "Heart Songs," "We'll Stick to the Finish," "Poets' Lincoln," "Little Helps" and "Happy Habit" locate in your library with the NATIONAL as a neighborhood visitor every thirty days. A Merry Christmas from the editor in the swivel chair.



NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People



Vol. L

DECEMBER, 1921

New Series No. 8

Articles of Timely Interest

| | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| Looking for Santa Claus | Frontispiece |
| Affairs at Washington | Illustrated Joe Mitchell Chapple 339 |
| Armistice Night at Washington | |
| Senator Phipps, "the Man of the Hour," with the Highway Bill | |
| Mrs. Harding, who makes the concern of people her personal concern | |
| The Senate as a puzzle to the stranger | |
| Robert M. LaFollette, the picturesque Senator from Wisconsin | |
| Howard Sutherland, the lawyer-editor Senator from West Virginia | |
| S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., the efficient under-Secretary of the Treasury | |
| Bird sanctuaries in the cemeteries of France | |
| Otto H. Kahn points out necessity of sound taxation legislation | |
| Secretary of State Hughes and wife hold a notable reception | |
| Senator Borah of Idaho enjoys horseback riding | |
| In Washington on the eve of the Conference | |
| Armistice Day at Arlington | |
| Jim Davis, Jr., calls on the First Lady of the Land | |
| Meyer London, Socialist ex-Senator from New York | |
| Washington a blaze of light on Armistice Night | |
| The Nation's "Unknown Dead" | Illustrated 345 |
| Inside the Conference Hall | Illustrated 346 |
| The Mind and Heart of China | Illustrated 349 |
| The Naval Holiday is On | Illustrated 350 |
| The Personnel of the Chinese Delegation | Illustrated 353 |
| Mooseheart—Greatest Mother of Them All | Illustrated 357 |
| Affairs and Folks | Illustrated 361 |
| Frank Bacon—the human-nature actor | |
| Miss Charl Ormond Williams, President of the National Education Association | |
| William J. Burns becomes head of Bureau of Criminal Investigation | |
| Hon. Carroll S. Page in public life for more than half a century | |
| Joseph H. Defress, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States | |
| A. H. Wilkinson, advocator of the St. Lawrence waterway | |
| Frank A. Munsey, publisher of popular magazines | |
| Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the dynamic jurist | |
| Music for All and From All | Illustrated Jerry Lorenz 365 |
| Who Made America Dry? | Illustrated 368 |
| Heart Throbs and Thrills | 372 |
| Citizen Rights of Soldiers | Illustrated 373 |
| Our Public Schools in Peril | Illustrated 375 |
| The Rise and Fall of Jazz | 377 |
| Rambles in Bookland | 379 |
| C. H. LeVitt, the Man Who Sells Education | Illustrated 381 |

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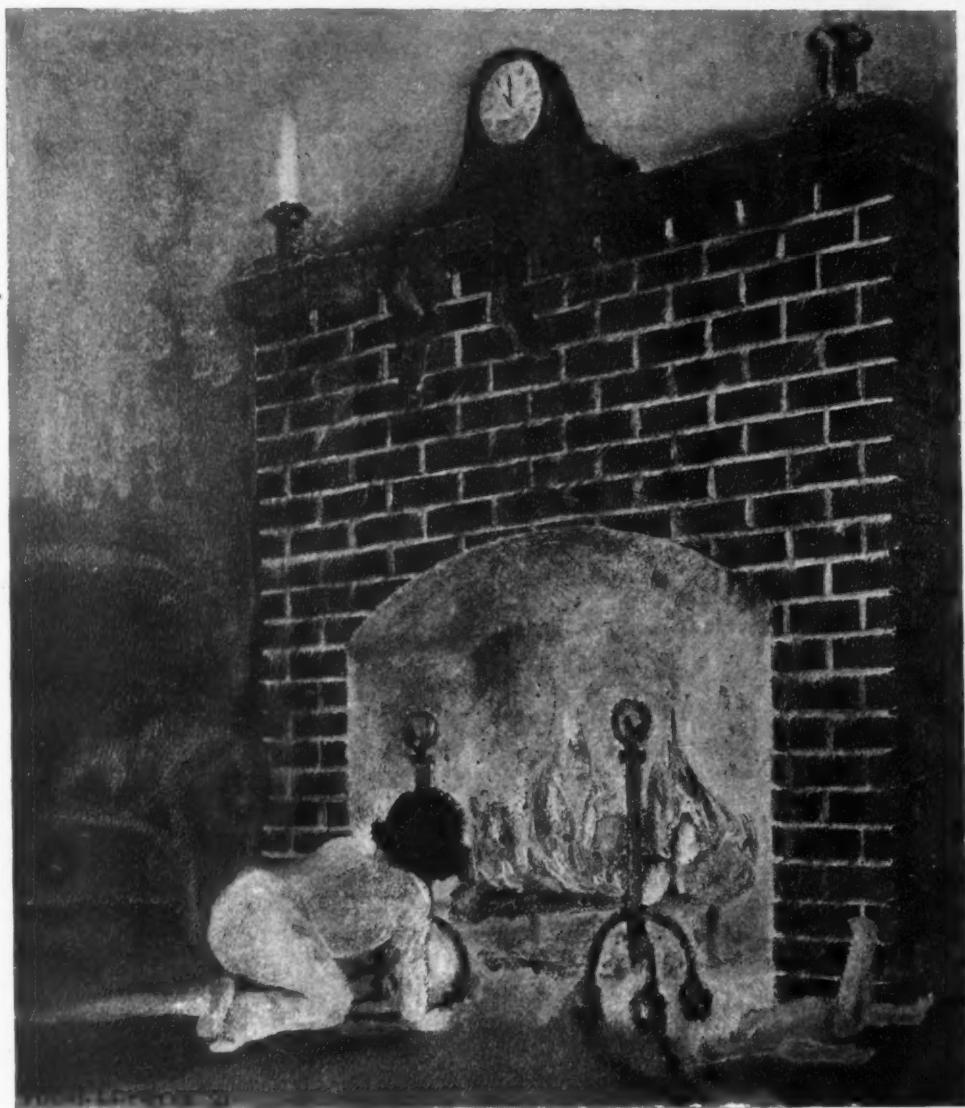
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*Too hot to venture nearer,
Too curious to remain at bay:
But Santa is the dearer
For remaining far away!*



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



WASHINGTON, with all versatility, it being volatile one day and serious the next, is at this time the vortex of interest. Flitting about picturesque avenues in barouches and polished limousines are delegates in a hundred silk hats, a hundred frock coats and canes—paying their respects.

Columbia is hostess to representatives of over a billion people. She has attired herself in festive raiment to receive and welcome in proper order those guests who have traveled far and wide from Asia and Europe. She lit all her candles, and, resplendant in her mantles of many hues, is now doing herself proud in the eyes of her countrymen.

Armistice night at Washington signified both joy and sorrow. The day had been witness to the most impressive scenes following the burial of the nation's unknown hero at Arlington—sacred in its memories and tribute of love, prayers, flowers and song, under the smiling roof of the skies. On the wings of those hushed memories came Iris at night, her prism armor giving forth rays of translucent light from all points of the compass. Iris hailed America with joy in her tone, and all the people, those of Columbia's sons and daughters as well as her adopted kin, responded and were filled with admiration and the spirit of peace.

To him whose visit to Washington was the first, and who had of a sudden stepped into this Elysium of Light, no words could issue, in an attempt to describe what he had seen. To you he would probably attempt to describe the majesty of stately column and edifice—and fail. He would probably tell you only the wonders of an Aladdin's Lamp could produce such "a temple of the gods" as the Congressional Library—and he would err, for the power of Aladdin's Lamp was limited to things physical—it could not bring forth things divine.

Even as Jupiter-Zeus presides over men and the gods, so does Columbia at this time draw within the folds of her mantle the royalty and the province. She is hostess directly to eight nations, and indirectly, to the world. On ship, on caravan, in gondola, up among the Alps—everywhere does she serve as the topic of converse, grave but hopeful. Yet her retinue is hardly self-conscious, rather too fully conscious of the work it must accomplish in Memorial Hall if it is to signalize the dawn of a "new era," in which shall be carried on high the Star of Bethlehem as it appeared over the manger of the Infant Saviour, "Peace on earth to men of good will!"

* * *

APPLYING his business and executive capacity to the work on which he has been building such a great reputation, Senator Phipps is "the man of the hour" to be introducing at this time the highway bill, for the people of the west and mountain states realize what highways mean.

These people have been aware of its importance ever since the days of Washington when the national turnpike was pro-

jected, over which traveled Henry Clay and the stage coach of the early day from his beloved Kentucky home.

The question of highways has been of paramount importance in the development of the country.

Senator Phipps introduced the Phipps-Dowel bill, which



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Mrs. Warren G. Harding has oft been called "an all-sensible woman." Yet the scantiness of this tribute is apparent to all those who have come in personal contact with her, because so rarely does Nature build a woman and lavish on her "credentials that balance." Usually the "all-sensible," the "all-practical" woman, is partly or totally devoid of grace, or charm of manner. Nature having been kind to Mrs. Harding in the bestowal of so many attributes that make for the "ideal woman," it is probably only fair to Dame Nature herself that Mrs. Harding bestow upon others the same measure of kindness. Long ago her friends called her "the Duchess." The First Lady of the Land is what the Spanish would undoubtedly call "simpatico." She understands human nature; she makes the concern of peoples her personal concern, not because "it is the thing to do in the case," but wholly because it is part of her life and existence.

amends the Shackleford Federal Aid Act of 1916. This act provides that aid might be extended to several states for good roads with the understanding that a like sum should be provided by each state before the money from the government for expenditures was available. The bill will make for a work-



HON. ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE
*The picturesque and pugnacious
Senator from Wisconsin*

able combination highway appropriation, and provides for a sum of \$75,000,000 for distribution from the United States for the year ending June, 1922.

The Senate committee on post-office roads had asked for \$100,000,000. The bill also carries an appropriation of \$5,000,000 for roads in national forests.

Senator Phipps has credited Senator Townsend, the chairman of the committee on post offices and post roads, with great help in preparing the measure, but Senator Phipps has a way of coming right in and putting things through. He has put in many hours of study in working out details, and it is predicted he will have one of the most practical and workable highway bills ever adopted

in the country. This bill is expected to meet the increased demand for motor transportation.

The subject of good roads has become something more than a mere matter of resolves under the resolute direction of Senator Phipps.

* * *

TO a stranger in Washington and a layman, the Senate session is a puzzle. There is plenty of solemnity in the room, and still everyone appears to do exactly what he pleases. Impish-faced little boys—pages as they are called—sit in rows on the steps of the center platform where, higher up, sits Vice-President Coolidge, the presiding officer of the Senate.

These little pages dash to and fro at the clap of the hand on the part of a Senator in distress, and each Senator, upon entering the cloak room, is relieved of his hat and coat with the rapidity of a hurricane. During preliminary business, at the beginning of each meeting (this is as important as resolving on the text of discussion, it would seem, because it adjusts the full program for the day), one Senator will arise and then another, and sallies fly back and forth. During this, the majority of other members sit about and do as they please. One will read the paper—another meet a friend whom he had not seen for a long time, apparently—another will pace the floor behind the concave row of seats, to all appearances deciding on how much of a budget he would need this Christmas for his family.

During the progress of such conversation on the part of this declaiming Solon, he will probably address the President of the Senate, to call the latter's attention to some one phase of his speech, or to corroborate a truth. Now the presiding officer, as far as some are able to make out, is not paying the slightest attention to what is going on in that particular Senator's mind.

Whatever buoyancy of spirit the speaker had in the beginning of his talk must surely disappear when he sees that his addressees are turning a deaf ear to his pleadings: but apparently not. It seems to make no difference at all with this righteous individual.

He goes right on with his "I call your attention to this, Mr. President—"

What to think of it—that is the question!

* * *

SENATOR La Follette is a picture as he sits in the Senate listening to the pros and cons of debate. He is eternally drumming with his fingers on the arms of his chair, and he thinks almost visibly.

His pompadour—the subject of scores of newspaper and magazine cartoons, of social talk in ball-rooms and in the streets—"set him up" as much as ever, "if this means anything," as the Englishman finished lamely. Under this tonsorial canopy, his be-wrinkled visage folded and unfolded, like a piece of tanned leather, during the process of thinking. Intermittently, it was observed, his bespatted feet would carry him to and fro in the aisles, and always that facial operation would ensue.

Of late, his diction has not been so good. His utterances are expressed hesitatingly, falteringly. Assuming that reportorial comment is laudatory and accurate, the Senator has lost a large degree of native suavity, of clearness and evenness of expression of the days when he was in the spot-light.

* * *

EDITING a newspaper is always good training for public service, and some law and business added make a strong combination. Senator Howard Sutherland, of Elkins, West Virginia, has not only had the benefit of such three-ply experience, but he has had much practical law-making to do. He was a member of the West Virginia senate for four years ending in 1912, and a member of the national House of Representatives in the sixty-third and sixty-fourth Congresses. Also he was chairman of the Good Roads Commission that framed the first laws for the permanent improvement of the West Virginia roads.

Mr. Sutherland was, moreover, chief of the population division for the eleventh United States census.

Senator Sutherland was born September 8, 1865, and went to West Virginia in 1893. He had graduated as bachelor of arts at Westminster College, Fulton, Missouri, 1889, and studied law at Columbia University. The degree of doctor of laws was conferred on him in 1919

by George Washington University. Immediately after graduation he edited a Republican newspaper at Fulton. In his adopted state he has already made his way to prominence by his close attention to business.

Senator Sutherland is vice-president of the West Virginia Board of Trade and a director of the Davis Trust Company. He is president of the board of trustees of the Davis and Elkins Presbyterian College.

Senator Sutherland, whose term will expire in 1923, is one of the practical members of the upper branch of Congress, recognized as such in his committee assignments. He is chairman of the committee on enrolled bills, ranking member of the financial committee, and a member of the military affairs and



HON. HOWARD SUTHERLAND
*The lawyer-editor-Senator (Republican)
from West Virginia*

mines and mining committees. His daughter teaches stunts to the children at the Rosemount playground, Washington, and the father takes as much interest in them as the daughter.

* * *

IN the room formerly occupied by the Secretary of the Treasury is the office of a young man who has great responsibilities. This young man is known as the "Under Secretary of the Treasury." He handles the fiscal affairs of Uncle Sam—such as disposing of short time notes and certificates, carrying on the Government's current business with the banks, and finding the funds required to pay the Government's bills and meet its maturing obligations.

His name is S. Parker Gilbert, Jr., and he was born in Bloomfield, New Jersey. He graduated from Rutgers College in 1912, and from Harvard Law School in 1915. He was one of the young men who was not slow in getting right into the whirl of business life. He seemed to have a genius for finance, and lives, breathes and eats figures and financial statements, morning, noon, and night. He was called to Washington to join the War Loan Staff of the Treasury Department in 1918, and continued in that position until 1920, when he was made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of fiscal affairs. In March, 1921, he was reappointed fiscal Assistant Secretary by President Harding. And on July 1, 1921, he was appointed the first Under Secretary of the Treasury. As Under Secretary Mr. Gilbert ranks next to the Secretary, and in the latter's absence acts as Secretary of the Treasury.

In Mr. Gilbert's inner office is the seal of the United States, embossed over the fireplace. It arrests the attention of the visitor, because this seal antedated the Constitution and has continued down to the present day. The inscription is in Latin. As I sat puzzling my brain trying to translate it, an obliging secretary handed me a story from an old report, giving a description of this interesting adornment of the office of the Under Secretary. The seal was made in the days when there were only thirteen states—and the thirteen stars remain.

A committee was appointed by the Continental Congress, September 26, 1778, to devise a seal for the Treasury. There were three members, John Witherspoon, Gouverneur Morris, and R. H. Lee. In the Journals of Congress for the same date is a resolution from which the following references to the seal were taken:

Resolved: That the Comptroller shall keep the Treasury books and seal and file all accounts * * * shall draw bills under said seal * * *

No reference to any report from this committee is to be found in the publications of the Continental Congress, so the date cannot be given of its adoption, but impressions of the Continental seal have been found on documents dated 1782. When the present form of government was instituted in 1789, the Treasury seal of the Confederation was continued in use and is found on papers issued in the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The symbols introduced into the seal are all easily explained. The thirteen stars represent the thirteen original colonies. Justice, the blind goddess holding the balance, has always been a favorite with the devisers of state seals. The very first design submitted for the Great Seal of the United States had this device in full, but was omitted entirely from the one finally adopted. The designers of our Treasury seal used the balance alone as an emblem of Justice.

Keys, in secular heraldry, have been used from remote antiquity to denote offices of state.

The legend on the seal is "Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil." being an abbreviation of the Latin *Thesauri Americae Septentrionalis Sigillum*, meaning "The seal of the Treasury of North America."

A visitor in the room soon realizes the presence of a man who talks, looks, and acts in a fiscal way. His mind is concentrated on one thing—conscientiously performing all the duties con-



S. PARKER GILBERT, JR.

Who, charged with great responsibilities as Under Secretary of Treasury, efficiently and expeditiously handles the fiscal affairs of Uncle Sam

nected with his position. He is the busy financial man for Uncle Sam. Occasionally he arranges for a ninety-day note for Uncle Sam just the same as a business man would a ninety-day note for anybody else. His desk is piled high with papers and reports dealing with his business. There are no vases filled with flowers in sight. His desk indicates real work and real business and is not there for exhibition purposes, with an imposing figure of a man behind it. He has a job to watch Uncle Sam's bank balances and look ahead anticipating what is coming in on the tax tides.

As he sat back in the chair for just a few moments' rest, after grappling with some correspondence and a row of continuous figures that never seemed to have an end, he remarked: "Well, I enjoy it. I suppose if I let it worry me or thought it was hard work, I might not like it so well."

It is a relief to pass from the dark corridors of the Treasury Department building, with its checker-board mosaic floor, in black and white, and find in this bright corner of the Treasury Department an alert young man whose business it is to "brighten the corner" for Uncle Sam and fill up the balances when more money is needed to go on with the Government's business, for the gay old Uncle certainly does need coin to keep up household expenses these days.

The Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew W. Mellon, is a chief worthy of service. The Liberty Bonds are coming up and Uncle Andrew knows how to build up credit and finance under stress and storm of deficits and shrinking income.



OTTO H. KAHN

One of world's greatest authorities on banking and taxation problems

A MOST beautiful thought, originated by Miss Georgiana Kendall of New York, and executed by Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the M. S. P. C. A. of Massachusetts, has been revealed in connection with the thought of a further tribute to our soldier dead.

It has been suggested to Secretary Weeks that the cemeteries in France, in which our soldiers lay, contain bird sanctuaries. Trees planted in our fields of honor over there, attracting birds to their shelter, would not only beautify these "vast cities of the dead," but allow as well many feathered songsters to sing a daily requiem over the graves of our heroes.

These "bird sanctuaries," as we call them, are taking form among us here, in the lonely cemetery and elsewhere. It was the colorful poet Vogelweide, who in his lifetime found so much joy and inspiration from these feathered friends that visited him ever and anon, who when dying, bequeathed a certain sum so that these songsters whom he had loved in life, should find a safe haven near his grave—a bird sanctuary—where their songs should memorialize the dead.

Dr. Rowley pondered for more than a year on this thought suggested him, and it is believed that through the intercession of Secretary Weeks his idea will soon find culmination. It is an act only consistent with the "work of mercy" to which Dr. Rowley has dedicated his life's efforts—that of promoting for dumb animals and birds a permanent haven of refuge.

It is, indeed, a beautiful tribute to our millions of heroes! "God's birds," friends of the living and friends of those deceased—they will be endowed with an especial mission in watching over America's silent bivouac unto the end.

IN an open letter to Senator Lenroot, chairman of the Senate Committee in charge of taxation matters, Mr. Otto H. Kahn has pointed out the facts in relation to tax revision and the influence of this legislation upon general prosperity that arrested popular attention.

He has indicated what the miasma of confiscatory surtaxes mean to the prosperity of the country. Capital has flown into tax exempt securities which has driven away all initiative capital ordinarily blossoming into payrolls.

The "working capitalist" has been penalized as against the "idle capitalist." No thinking person can gainsay that extreme tax rates kill prosperity and that our surtaxes now stand as the highest in the world, occasioning a gigantic exodus of capital from its proper function of creating payrolls.

"The road to relief of unemployment and improvement in the plight of the farmer," Mr. Kahn points out, "lies along a system of taxation which seeks to promote industry, stimulating the purchasing and consuming power of the country."

His conclusions in urging sound legislation as a pre-requisite for prosperity are most effective. He drives straight at the target:

"With due reference to your far greater knowledge of politics, I venture to say that the people judge a political party not by the details of its legislative enactments, but by their results. What is of vital concern to the average man and woman, as distinguished from agitators and vociferous 'spokesmen' is not whether the surtaxes are 20, 30, 40 or 50 per cent, but whether the actions of the party in power will, in effect, retard or promote the return of good times and abundant employment.

"It is my business to keep track of the currents which determine the trend of affairs, and I speak from practical knowledge when I say that good times and abundant employment cannot return as long as enterprise is lamed and the natural flow of capital deflected by oppressive and exorbitant taxation."

A PANORAMA of three thousand people, including the Conference delegates, the notable, the royalty, the plebeian folk, and the most eminent diplomats of the hour, all passed before the eye of Secretary and Mrs. Charles E. Hughes on Monday night, November 14.

A more brilliant reception given foreign visitors can hardly be imagined, and yet there was little ceremony, little formality, about this galaxy of notables, some of whom were to figure so portentously in a world's crisis. Typifying America as it is, and as our highest idealists wish it to be, this assemblage of folk bespoke the democracy of our land as no other gathering has previously done.

Congressmen from the east, north, west and south approached the precise bearing of French officers—General Vaccari, that noble Italian leader of armies and principles, mingled freely with the staff of the War Department present. When the gracious host and hostess had shaken by the hand the last of their three thousand guests, they hid the fatigue most assuredly felt and smilingly entered into the swirl of the circle, to be immediately swallowed up from view by eager and solicitous persons.

Here was the ever-genial Chief Justice Taft who, when he broadened into a smile (and grimness has no place in his manner), seemed to close his eyes in such apparent ecstasy that only two pinholes were visible in place of his eye sockets.

Compressed, so to speak, in one corner of the brilliantly-lighted room were Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Koo, themselves trying hard to say enough to each enthusiastic chance remark which always accompanied the presentation of its speaker, and yet having a rather difficult time of it, restricting the time so that one would receive as much due as the other. Mrs. Koo was proclaimed by all to be a most charming little lady. Her native gestures, of which she tried hopelessly to rid herself while being engrossed in the task of meeting and greeting America, all were observed and admired by the curious folk.

Yes, we were all curious—politely so, but nevertheless curious just the same. But we were to be excused rather than cast into some outer limbo of reproaches. The situation was that of a new neighbor coming into our midst, and what new neighbor is there who has not been commented on, observed minutely, and afterwards passed on or disapproved, according to the popular vote of the family?

And so was Europe, our new neighbor. We passed judgment on Great Britain's ballroom air, France's method of acknowledging introductions, Italy's bow, and China's style of hairdress. The visit that military America paid to Europe during the war was being returned!

Neither a Wells nor a Shaw nor a Keats could have done justice by virtue of a poetic description of the appearance the Pan-American Hall took on after its doors were closed on the last guest. In the Hall of the Americas, where the Secretary of State with Mrs. Hughes welcomed their guests, one could see, as far as the eye was able to carry in the distance, a floor carpeted with radiance resplendant. Velvets, pearls, epaulets of bright colors, a flashing sabre, jewels of brilliants and rubies, ermine, silver, graceful shoulders from which hung the daintiest Viennese lace—a Rembrandt alive with color—ah, if only our souls shone as purely and brilliantly as did those white marble pillars, reflected in the light of a hundred glass domes!

Outside the streets were lined, nay, packed solid with gleaming black limousines. Gas torches lighted the avenue, and immediately approaching the building stood high electrically-lighted posts, their eyes canopied by Japanese hangings. The entrance from the sidewalk up the steps to the hall was canopied likewise, and just inside the door stood the marines, straight and at attention, the "flags of the allied nations" before them. Up in the balcony the Marine Band dispersed that feeling of strangeness, with its rhythmic waltzes, marches, and Spanish fandangos.

Between intermittent musical numbers, intermezzo of soft murmurs would ensue. America had already shaken Europe by the hand even before their host was reached. A good-natured and very green poll parrot chirped to strangers whom it met on the ground floor, near the center fountain. It, too, was curious.

Nothing that should not have been was allowed to be. There was a dansant and refreshments, a continual round of introductions and inward notes of comparisons. And when Europe bade America "good morning," a full moon as sapient as ever, had been discovered to have made a detour of several thousand miles in order to acquire its most prominent place over the red-tiled roof of the Pan-American Building.

* * * *

SENATOR Borah's hobby is Idaho apples; his platform, "Independence." His quotations from the Secretary of State are always as up-to-date as a minister's Sunday morning sermon on Saturday night. What this political hero is doing at the Conference table is synonymous with what Solomon would do in the decision of great matters, so Borah holds.

Quoting Hughes recently in regard to the Conference, the Senator said:

"Not only were the foreign nations amazed the first day of the session, when Secretary Hughes proposed this ten-year naval holiday, together with the proposal of scrapping all war vessels, but America itself received a 'thriller.'"

"The fact that we are ready and willing to turn our backs to war—not alone the fact that we are scrapping fifteen ships and putting the ban on building fifteen more, is of incalculable interest." We have come out of the spell of war.

* * * *

WHEN I went to Washington on the eve of the great Conference, all the day long came this surging thought: "It will be the great contest for ideals and ideas, like the jousts of old when gladiators met to determine physical prowess before



HON. WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH

The personable Republican Senator from Idaho. His hobby is apples, his platform, "independence," and his recreation, horseback riding

admiring throngs. Now the gladiators of ideals were gathering at Washington before the gaze of the world.

The thought was all-absorbing. Here was a whole nation making the trip across the oceans to search for something invisible—something elusive, for even the words were not yet formulated that were probably to express a great declaration of human promise.

I picked up some old proofs of Elbert Hubbard's last talk in East Aurora on the eve before his sailing on the *Lusitania*, his death ship. On the rostrum in the salon at Roycroft, there seemed to be a tinge of sadness and the touch of premonition as his voice, with a strange ring, reached every person and every nook of the hall.

His spoken thoughts are quoted in part as follows:

"Ideals are intangible things. They are the hopes we strive for and seldom attain, for when we catch up with our ideal, or think we have, it isn't there. It is always just beyond, just over the next ridge. Ideals are elusive, and they change and fade away, and then we make new ones. Without ideals, without hope for a better future, a better world to live in, life would become monotonous and we would all die of dry-rot."

This philosophy, cryptly expressed, nevertheless carries with it the conviction that in Elbert Hubbard dwelt cynicism only when his path crossed that of a frothy person. With him, cynicism was his only defense against a people too calloused of soul to permit of soul enlightening.

* * * *

ARMISTICE day at Arlington seemed to have made as lasting an impression on Mrs. Harding as it did on all America. The President, for the first time, had been definitely nervous over the delay in reaching the amphitheatre in time for the exercises scheduled to begin at 12. He was touched as he had never been before with the scene before him, and through the medium of a magical mechanism he was able to convey to the vast audiences there and across the continent this tremor of feeling.

Mrs. Harding was never so ambitious as on Armistice Day to elect herself traffic officer in Washington in order that the jam that incidentally held up the President's car which was on

its way to the cemetery, might be eliminated and traffic in the crowded sections relieved.

Her anxiety over the President was significant in its earnestness. While it is true that she lives in her world, separate and distinct from her illustrious husband's, while the latter is at the Executive Department, still his worries are her worries and his pleasures hers. Mrs. Harding, unlike too many wives of dignitaries, who, alas, are overly ambitious to build up their own sets, her set instead is his set, and there is harmony without a minor chord at the White House.

* * *

QUITE laboriously did Jim Davis, Jr., the five-year-old hopeful of the House of Davis, ascend the stairs to the White House in company with his father, the Secretary of

Labor. He was calling on the First Lady of the Land for the first time, and he desired earnestly to make a good impression.

In the Red Room, into which Mrs. Harding's callers were ushered, every chair bespoke a hearty welcome. If you will permit, every commodious piece of furniture was crying out to its visitors: "Come and sit in here with me."

Jim Junior's selective powers were held in abeyance somewhat until he was able to collect his wits, after which he took the most spacious lounge in the room. Then Mrs. Harding entered, a straight, quick figure in black.

Anticipating the usual round of in-



MEYER LONDON

Socialist Ex-Congressman from New York, during his incumbency the only professed Socialist in the House

quiries from a feminine board of investigators, we hasten to attempt to describe her:

Around her neck she wore, as usual, a black velvet band, set off in front by a brooch of brilliants and diamonds. There were no rings on her fingers. She was clothed in a black net and satin gown and wore black suede pumps. She kept about her a curious mixture of inexpressible sweetness and her self-commendatory. Methodically, but sensibly, did she change the topic of conversation when a certain subject was monopolizing her audience. She broached a new one with tact that was hard to define as merely "tact."

Jim, Junior, alas, discovered the lounge he had selected bred sleepiness, and the Sandman got the best of him. It was while Mrs. Harding was speaking that he fell into a deep and profound slumber, not to awaken until her visitors arose to leave.

Apparently, however, Jim Junior's hostess entertained no ill feeling toward his *faux pas*. She merely patted him on the back and said, "Well, little America, you are at least frank about it."

THE health of all legislative bodies depends on opposition. A small united opposition, or even one man, can serve a good purpose. Although his views may be repugnant to both the great majority and minority parties, a free lance may force discussions that will clarify understandings.

Ex-Representative London of New York is a Socialist who went it alone in Congress. Socialistic ideas have many disparities, and it might be hard to find two professors thereof thinking exactly alike; but in various guises socialism impregnates the laws and policies of government—national, state and municipal—in the United States today. Many questions that come up in Congress may have light cast upon them from the projection of socialistic opinions into the debates by one lone voice. Diseases of the body politic will be disclosed, which otherwise might be hidden, by the efforts of the advocate of socialism to show where his remedy may be applied.

One of Mr. London's opponents said that Socialists were good to keep people moving, just like fleas on a sleepy watchdog. Representative London's great object is to secure the release of Eugene Debs from prison and have his rights of citizenship restored. While he is classified as a Socialist, the varieties of that name are numerous, as already mentioned, and it is an interesting fact that many Socialists do not recognize Mr. London as belonging to the "party." Yet he went calmly along in his own way, the only professed Socialist on the roll of the House of Representatives.

* * *

CROWNED with a rainbow of emerald, the green memorial of earth held one hundred thousand people spellbound in Washington on Armistice night. The welcome Columbia extended those foreign delegates who were to take part in world discussions at the Conference was complete. From three different points of the city issued "lights of good cheer."

The jewelled arch, whose pillars were constructed of cement, stood in the close vicinity of the Pan-American Building. A huge pendant of brilliants hanging fire between these two pillars seemed from a vantage point on the roof of the White House to be worn by heaven itself. It was alive with a hundred sparkles and colors, a microcosm of jewels. Its beauty drew comments of admiration from the near-blind!

The identical searchlights used in France to detect enemies of war were now sending up lights from behind the Capitol dome. Aurora herself seemed to have changed her program of morning procedure, gathering herself out of the ocean to speed in a chariot to Washington, where, with rosy fingers she dropped the dew of a million vari-colored gems on the country's Capitol. No artist who had never seen the aurora borealis could have created this suffusion of lights. "The rainbow of night" was speaking; it was challenging the franchise of the skies.

Is one ever satisfied with one visit from an angel from the skies? No more were mortals agreed there was no more to see and marvel at in turning their gaze from the jewelled arch and the Capitol dome to what seemed at first glance some transplanted stalactite of the caves, but which turned out to be Washington's Monument clothed in light.

At once tall, majestic, and slender, this monument seemed veritably to breathe silver and then bright red. In the latter garment it seemed like some myriad—probably a frozen tongue of flame. Perhaps not, but there is no sensible phrase to cover its description!

Washington itself had never been witness before to such display! Armistice Night to America was conveyed to Americans, a "night of a million jewels." Thousands of eager eyes were focused on these three sources of wonder and almost ethereal beauty—places where it seemed the celestial met the terrestrial.

Conceive of whole areas of splendor, life, vivacity, gorgeous units of undefinable substance—and you have not yet reached an expression with which to describe the resplendency of that which mingled with the firmament. Nothing could have been more expressive of America's hopes, America's soul!

"The warrior's spirit, let it rise on high from the flaming flagrant pyre"

The Nation's "Unknown Dead"

Have been ushered into the Land of Eternal Peace with the Secretary of War presiding as Master of Ceremonies!



AIDED by the generous and limitless response on the part of a loyal United States, Secretary of War John W. Weeks arranged a national ceremony to serve as tribute to our "unknown hero host" that will never again be repeated by man. Its solemnity, so impressive, touched over 105,000,000 people.

The burial of this hero, over whom an entire nation mourned, prayed, and reflected, symbolized a thousand griefs actuated by the like loss of millions of soldiers. The world's pendulum swung to Washington on November 11th, where the representatives of the nation's mourners had gathered. It paused here, as a mark of recognition, attesting that in this spot was exhibited the highest type of equality, for a personal grief had invaded the heart of all America for the loss of this one representative soldier-hero.

Equality! Was it not indubitably typified when the body was placed on the catafalque in the center of the rotunda of the Capitol, there to be watched over by four guards, facing the remains—a catafalque that had borne the bodies of Presidents Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley?

Was not "equality of the Union" apparent in that acreage of flowers placed as a last tribute to the unknown soldier at the rotunda of the Capitol? Was it not apparent to those who saw, marching in processional file on the streets behind the caisson, the figures of the President, ex-Presidents, of the Justices of the Supreme Court, of Cabinet ministers, diplomats, of Senators and Congressmen, of war mothers, Red Cross nurses and Salvation Army lassies—all the organizations who played their part in the war drama.

From the time the remains left Le Havre, France, transported to America on the *Olympia*, to the time they were finally laid at rest in the sarcophagus of the amphitheatre at Arlington, Va., America mourned. She mourned not only the loss of this single soldier, but that of his millions of comrades.

All the world brought him flowers! A wreath from each state in the Union, from nearly every nation, came to flank the sides of the rotunda. Flowers, whose message was more eloquent than all else! They spoke the language of heaven's richest blessing.

At 8.30 on November 11th the procession of mourners accompanied the body, which was placed on a caisson, on its last journey to the National Cemetery in Arlington. The funeral escort, composed of a battalion of field artillery, a squadron of cavalry, a combat regiment of foot troops comprising one battalion regular infantry, one battalion of sailors and marines combined, one battalion National Guard, and a band of approximately one hundred pieces, made up the bulk of those who marched to the cemetery.

The body was borne by twelve pall-bearers. Eight general

officers of the Army and four Admirals of the Navy and Marine Corps, all of them World War veterans, served in this capacity. As soon as the procession started from the Capitol, minute guns were fired. These continued only until ceremonies were concluded at Arlington.

Flags all over the country were displayed at half-mast on Armistice Day—the simplest and yet the most colossal tribute ever accorded a nameless hero. Fifty thousand uniformed patriots, veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish and World Wars, marched in procession down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol. President Harding and General Pershing, marching side by side, followed the caisson closely up to the White House.

To that pillared and noble edifice, the amphitheatre at Arlington, did the entire procession of mourners wend its way. President Harding took his stand beside the amplifier—that instrument ordinarily conceived only as a product of the miracle-age, and which was to send his voice not only to all surrounding points of the vicinity and of the entire country, but to the extreme western coast of the country as well. At 12 m. a bugler from position near the amphitheatre sounded attention three times.

Then followed a lull of two minutes, felt and observed by an entire nation. During those minutes nothing moved except Nature. Traffic, industry, social—all activity ceased—to pray. Nothing to equal it has ever swept over the country.

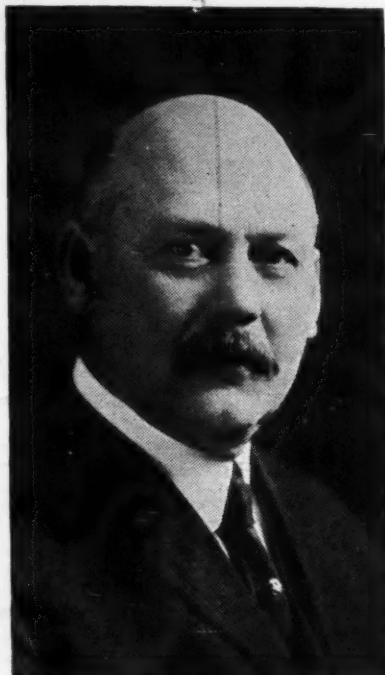
At Arlington, too, all heads were bared. The silence, so psychic a thing, so dramatic, transfixed all. Perhaps God had never been closer to us!

Now the world prayer was over. "America," the hymn of the Republic, was being sung, led by a quartet composed of Metropolitan Opera singers from New York, and chorused by an audience of one hundred thousand.

The President of the United States then sent his voice through the amplifier to every state in the Union, to all four corners of the map, and addressed these in a voice audibly and visibly affected by emotion. Outside the amphitheatre stood a majority of those people in attendance, straining every muscle, intent on the participation of procedure. Never before was the vicinity about this amphitheatre enveloped in such an atmosphere of hushed formal dignity.

When the President had finished he repeated the Lord's Prayer in unison with the people (the only time it has been a part of a President's address, read and repeated by more people of the earth on that day than on any other in all history) the Metropolitan Quartet sang the hymn "The Supreme Sacrifice." Following this, the unknown soldier was decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor and with the Distinguished Service Cross by the

(Continued on page 380)



JOHN WINGATE WEEKS
Secretary of War

"Even as nobleness enkindleth nobleness, so will hope enkindle hope"

Inside the Conference Hall

Glimpses of the delegates at work. Although marking a many-year epoch of international gatherings, it is none the less significant in its degree of avowed sincerity

THE "world thought" was never closer to the ideals of Christ than at 11 A.M. on November 12, 1921.

With the voice of prayer, President Harding on that day welcomed the delegates of the Conference at Washington. He was, without doubt, inspired by the hope of a fulfillment of humanity by the age-old dream of the prophet Isaiah, whose words might have constituted the agenda of the Conference:

"And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

In greeting these delegates President Harding's invitation embraced not only the request that the plenipotentiary should avail himself of it and bring his secretariat, his papers, but he implied as well that the delegate should bring to America all possible generosity of nature, for only with this offering in hand would a thorough understanding between nations be effected.

The true ideals of civilization eliminate war. Yet war has always transpired in the advancement of civilization. The soul of the world has never been entirely attuned to the march of events. The destinies of nations have been determined only by war. Not until a thorough international understanding is established will the world arrive at the full fruition of civilization through other channels than war.

On its opening day the Conference seemed enkindled with that unselfish spirit of self-sacrifice which enveloped nations during the war. It was that spirit which won the war, and which was felt to be a forerunner in the re-birth of the world. It was a spirit that creates the "re-birth" of individuals, and if individuals can be "born again," why not nations?

All this cumulative evidence, this sordid spirit following upon a war, and ushering into the world "the hope of Peace," is all matter that resolves itself into a simple question, "Are we going to find in this Conference the soul of the world?"

Pacific international relationships will be established only through an appreciation of the heterogeneous national units whose ideals, after all, are homogeneous, and hence in consonance with the purpose of the Conference.

* * *

In theory, the issues of this meeting are "Limitation of Armament," "Reduction of Armament," and "Permanent Peace." In practice, these issues read "Limitation of Armament" and "Settlement of the Far Eastern Question." Four great powers, viz., Great Britain, France, Japan, and the United States entertain the bulk of interest in this last issue. Generally, however, every country whose shores are washed by the waters of the expansive Pacific, as well as every country of Europe, is vitally interested in the outcome of this Conference. The most important areas under contention responsible for the introduction of the "Far Eastern Question" are Siberia, Manchuria, Mongolia, Shantung, and Korea, China.

With this synopsis before us, we will enter, one and all, into Memorial Hall, Washington. November 12th has already made it an historic place.

The opening of the World Conference was environed with simplicity. Before the auditorium early that morning throngs gathered for position along the line of roped walks. All were eager to catch a glimpse of these distinguished foreign delegates as they entered. Something more than idle curiosity surcharged this people.

Now the delegates had arrived. Attired for the most part in silk hats and frock coats, characteristic of state occasions, they ascended the stairs at the side entrance to place their garments on the chairs. Without the fanfare of trumpets and in the most informal manner were they escorted to their respective seats at the green baize cloth-covered table which was placed inside a brass railing. Each place provided a blotter, pen, and ink-well. The table was the shape of a hollow square—grim reminder of the military formations of Hannibal and Wellington.

Upon taking their seats, each delegate was given an advance copy of the prayer and the President's address. Viviani, France's oratorical crusader, took his copy up from the table, glanced through the

prayer, and whispered audibly to Underwood, "You Americans are quick. Here you read with human eyes a prayer even before it reaches the ear of God!"

Without the formality of even a roll-call did the Rev. Mr. Abernethy lead the most appealing, the softest prayer ever uttered in keeping with such an illustrious assemblage. To God and to heaven did he plead for "an understanding that passeth all things worldly!"

Now the President arose to make his memorable address, a speech that will live long and will echo the hope of a world. As host of nations he spoke in a mellow deeply sympathetic tone of voice that stirred all who heard him. His utterance was made with a simplicity that marks only the gathering of a family circle. He spoke to but thirteen hundred in that hall, but through the delegates a total of one billion, one hundred and fifty million people of the earth were represented. Every person who sat amid that circle on this day was convinced of the sincerity of President Harding. These, his words, found response in the hearts of over one hundred million Americans: "Frankly, we want less of armament and none of war!"

Each person in the audience had been given a copy of the written addresses in pamphlet form. Now was audible as they followed the speaker in turning over the leaves a fluttering which suggested religious services and accompanies only the turning over of the pages of a hymn-book.

When the President had finished, as simply as he had begun, his chair was removed and he left the hall. As he reached the doorway, Premier Briand rose impulsively and warmly clasped his hand. The act was a simple expression of admiration and good will.

* * *

Only an "artist of words" could paint for the reader the picture of these distinguished occupants of the table, all of whom confronted some of those who sat in the galleries. To the lay interpreter only a process of observation offers itself as a medium of expression. To start, then, with America and make the journey 'round the table:

At the apex of the table sat Chairman Charles Evans Hughes. To his right sat the American delegation, Senators Lodge, Root, and Underwood. Representatives of France came next. The magnetic little figure of Premier Briand, with his mop of blue-black hair, monopolized for a time nearly all attention. M. Rene Viviani, deputy and former President of the Council, who was as intent a listener as he is an orator, was a close colleague of Briand's, the mere mention of whose name created a stir among all these who knew him and had seen him during war days in the United States; Jules Jusserand, ambassador to the United States, and General Buat, expert on military questions—all these came from France.

The Orient touched elbows with the Occident. Japan, sitting to the right of General Buat, presented first Prince Iyesato Tokugawa, president of the House of Peers; then Baron Kijuro Shidehara, ambassador at Washington.

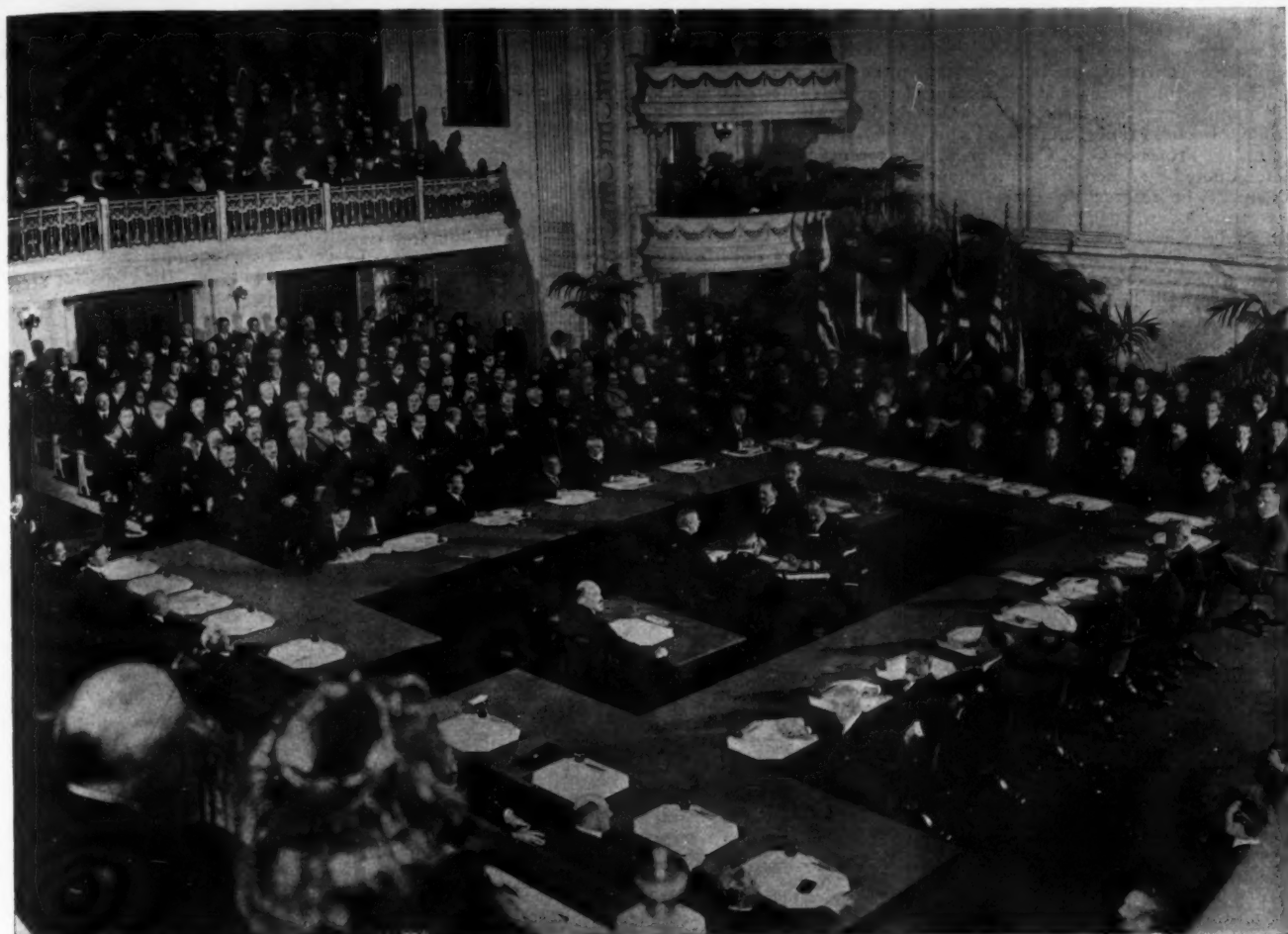
Expectancy always hovered about the vicinity of Admiral Baron Tomosaburo Kato, Minister for the Navy, that man whose impassive countenance vaguely suggests ivory or marble. Hence it evoked almost riotous fascination from the gallery. Only when Hughes spoke of scrapped ships did this man's eyes stray from the paper he was marking. Kato, of impenetrable mien!

To the right of Admiral Kato sat Secretary General Mr. Masanao Hanihara, Vice-Minister for Foreign Affairs. Then came China, with its representation in Minister Sao Ke Alfred Sze, small, earnest, convincing others of that "integrity" of his native China. Next to Sze was seen Minister Vi Kyuin Wellington Koo, president of the league's council. At the extreme right corner of the table was seated Superior Adviser Yu Ho Liang, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs.

* * *

To the Occident once more. At the elbow-point of the table and the extreme other end, nearly opposite the chairman of the delegation, was Portugal, represented by Viscount d'Alte, whose English was excellent.

Holland touched d'Alte across the gateway in the prim person of Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The other elbow-point of the table was occupied by Ambassador



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OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ARMS CONFERENCE IN SESSION

A remarkable photograph that is history in itself, made in the Conference Room at the headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the opening of the third plenary session of the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments. This is the first official photograph to be made of the Arms Conference.

Seated at the head of the table are, left to right: Aristide Briand, Premier of France; Senator Oscar Underwood, Senator Elihu Root, Senator Lodge, Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, chairman; Arthur James Balfour, Lord Lee of Fareham, and Sir Auckland Geddes, British Ambassador to the United States.

Seated on left side (left to right): the Japanese interpreter; Admiral Kato and Prince Iyesatao Tokugawa, all of Japan; French Ambassador Jusserand; Albert Garrault, and Former Premier Viviani.

Seated on right side (left to right): Senator Albertini, Ambassador Ricci and Carlo Schanzer, Italy's delegation; Srinivasa Sastri, of India; Sir John Salmond, of New Zealand; Senator George Pearce, of Australia; and Sir Robert Borden, of Canada.

Seated at the tables in the foreground (facing Sec. Hughes) are (left to right): Dr. Chang Hui Wang, Dr. Wellington Koo, Dr. Sao-Ke, Alfred Sze (just part of face shows in photo), representing Japan; Count D'Alto, of Portugal; Captain Vasconcellos; (next man hidden by woman's hat); Dr. H. A. Van Karnebeek, of the Netherlands; Jonkheer Van Blokland and Baron De Cartier de Marchienne, of Belgium.

Seated in the lower box (center): Mrs. Warren G. Harding, wife of President Harding, and beside her (third woman from right) Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of Vice-President Coolidge.

At the head of the room can be distinguished Samuel Gompers, Herbert Hoover, General Pershing, and Theodore Roosevelt.

Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, who, debonair and of diplomatic bearing, was wearing the decorations of Belgium.

Now we arrive at the left side of the table. Italy had in H. E. Carlo Schanzer, President of the delegation, a striking figure. Of blonde complexion, full beard, blue eyes, narrow face with sensitive features (the latter looked peculiarly pallid in their frame of pompadour and beard), the Senator seemed appropriate in his garb. Instead of this business suit which he wore, his vesture should have consisted of the *cotte de mailles*. Thus, he would have appeared more consistently and in keeping with his person and personality.

Senator Luigi Albertini and Ambassador Vittorio Rolandi Ricci, the latter of full beard, keen eye, a corporation lawyer in Genoa, Italy—these sat to the right of Belgium. President Schanzer's chair was placed next to that of the Rt. Hon. Srinivasa Sastri, member of the Vice-Regal Council of the government of India. Picturesque in his white turban, with his swarthy complexion and gleaming eyes, he held fast and long the attention of the gallery, and especially that of the boxes, where the wives of Cabinet Ministers had been ensconced.

To the right of India sat New Zealand, whose representative, Sir John Salmond, K. C. Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, was the last in order of Great Britain's delegation. Moving toward

Hughes again, toward the head of the table, we remember next Senator Hon. G. F. Pearce, Australian Minister for Defense. Canada, clothed in the sedate Sir Robert Borden, found a place between Senator Pearce and Sir Eric Geddes. Lord Lee of Fareham impressed the house distinctly with his consistent habit of removing and adjusting his pinc-nez, of figuring on a huge sheet during all the time the naval program was being outlined by Hughes.

Between Lord Lee and Hughes, then, sat one of Europe's greatest diplomats in the person of the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. Despite the fact that the Conference is yet young, this veteran world figure has scored applause from the most conservative press writers. He undoubtedly rivals Briand in declamatory powers—by way of contrast. One does not need to watch keenly to elicit from him his habit of accompanying speech with an impromptu speaker's generalities of gesture. The blotter in front of him is moving back and forth incessantly. One is almost led to believe he is engaged in using it as a pawn and so indulging in a private little game of chess. His more characteristic manner of catching at both coat lapels with his hands and holding them fast while he emphasizes any given point, is more popularly discussed. He is a figure few will forget—that white-haired statesman of distinguished bearing, with his closely-cropped mustache and his brown eyes.

Just inside the railing seated in chairs near at hand were the staff of the various nations—resplendent with a touch of naval and army uniforms. There to watch and support on the side lines.

Here, then is photographed the meat of the day's internationalism. Of paramount importance, however, were those who sat inside the table. Facing France, and seated at a table in the capacity of translator, sat Professor G. J. Camerlynck, who comes from Paris. He is often quoted by American and foreign papers as "the man of supreme talent," who records the French language in shorthand and reads its transcript in English with the fluency and even the gestures of a finished speaker. Opposite him at his right, and facing Sir Eric Geddes, is a table occupied by Conference reporters, who take down every word that is spoken in French as well as English. At the extreme other end, still inside the enclosure, is seated John W. Garrettsen, named Secretariat General of the Conference.

The American Advisory Committee, of which Chairman Sutherland was head, were arranged in the alcove back of the Conference table. Among this committee sat Secretary Hoover and General John J. Pershing. A wealth of palms and green served as a background, and on the walls, above this foliage, were the flags of nine nations: Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, China, the Netherlands, Portugal, and the United States. Overhead the same flags circled in the sunlight.

The Secretary of State then arose. "A master speech—that of Hughes!" You have read it in all the papers. Stripped of all suggestion of oratorical effort, with no verbiage to rob it of its earnestness, he was indubitably the proponent of America's ideals. In his address he gave birth to a feeling that international amity can be established, once an international understanding prevails.

The inclusion of the proposal for the discussion of Pacific and Far Eastern questions, he declared, was not for the purpose of embarrassing or delaying an agreement for the limitation of armament, but rather to support that undertaking by availing ourselves of this meeting to endeavor to reach a common understanding as to the principles and policies to be followed in the Far East, and thus greatly to diminish, and if possible wholly to remove, discernible sources of controversy. It is believed that by interchanges of views at this opportune time, the governments represented here may find a basis of accord, and thus give expression to their desire to assure enduring friendship.

Hughes forgot all oratorical device in his absorption of the subject. He delivered passages in an even voice, as free from unctiousness as from declamatory emphasis, as he continued:

If we are warned by the inadequacy of earlier endeavors for limitation of armament, we cannot fail to recognize the extraordinary opportunity now presented. We not only have the lessons of the past to guide us, not only do we have the reaction from the disillusioning economic demands. What was convenient or highly desirable before is now a matter of vital necessity. If there is to be economic rehabilitation, if the longings for reasonable progress made desperate in the desire to shake off burdens no longer endurable, competition in armament must stop. The present opportunity not only derives its advantages from a general appreciation of this fact, but the power to deal with the exigency now rests with a small group of nations, represented here, who have every reason to desire peace and to promote amity.

It would seem to be a vital part of a plan for the limitation of naval armament that there should be a naval holiday. It is proposed that for a period of not less than ten years there should be no further construction of capital ships.

I am happy to say that I am at liberty to go beyond these general propositions, and on behalf of the American delegation acting under the instructions of the President of the United States, to submit to you a concrete proposition for an agreement for the limitation of naval armament.

Immediately the speaker had finished, William Jennings Bryan arose and applauded heartily from among those in the audience, and even as Briand had expressed warm tribute to the President at the conclusion of his speech, so did Bryan emulate this example. Bryan, it is to be remembered, had in his day negotiated more arbitration and peace treaties than any other man.

As the Hughes plan was announced, there was almost a breathless silence. Delegates and spectators looked around at each other. Some were certain their ears had not heard aright. The proposal was given in quiet tones, yet the message thundered 'round the world. It disarmed suspicion on the first great point considered; it proved that courage and conviction still play the part in parleys of peace.

The sweeping plan for a naval holiday in all its sacrifice of material millions in capital, ships, and naval supremacy, eradicated with one sentence the life-work of thousands of young men entering naval careers, navy officers in the prime of life, and admirals, distinguished for service; but all these were represented at the Conference—they had heard Hughes and they were ready for the sacrifice, as duty would demand.

Millions will live in peace and honor because of this and the sacrifice that has gone before. World thought has turned peace-ward, and peace-ward it will march on, in the light of this great event. Probably more strongly than ever before did the individual at that moment realize his personal responsibility for the care of his fellow-men—his responsibility to God! He realized that no creed, nation, or racial distinction could relieve him from that accountability that was first given to Cain, and of which we read "I am my brother's keeper."

Secretary Hughes had again taken his seat. Now Arthur J. Balfour was rising. Without a vestige of diplomatic oratory, he graciously suggested the Secretary of State for chairman, affixing the sanction of the entire delegation to his motion by simply stating, "I assume I am speaking for all delegates."

No hand was raised—not a ballot taken. Deliverance of an assent to Balfour's suggestion was made without even a *viva voce* vote. It comprised only a kindly nod of heads about the table.

Then this English statesman arose to voice the first response to the message that Charles Evans Hughes had just completed. Its theme was heroic, distinctly not bombastic. It was a pledge to an ideal.

Now came promiscuous calls from members of the Senate and the House, who sat enthralled in the gallery. They wanted to hear from Viviani and Briand, and this just at the time Hughes was about to take a vote on the motion to adjourn. Consequently, a pre-arranged procedure was more or less upset, and the opening session assumed an impromptu character, thus exemplifying the "get-together" method of the host-republic.

France's flag fluttered conspicuously when Briand, by far the oratorical star of the Conference, arose to speak. There was apparent a rustle of skirts among the ladies who sat in the boxes, galleries, and on the floor, for Briand's voice was "music." It was a voice at once so mellow and sonorous that it arrested the attention of even the doormen.

In the translations and in the newspaper, Briand's speeches are said to be drab. Printer's ink cannot illustrate the effect that Briand, magnificent, gives to the people in an auditorium, where on the rostrum he is even called "the orator supreme."

A favorite attitude in which he indulges while speaking is to bend over the rail of the tribune and lower his voice almost to a whisper. It is no more than just an expression of his sense of the dramatic, encountered in arriving at an hypothesis.

It is perhaps advisable to record here excerpts from these delegates' speeches, which comprise an open covenant of nations never surpassed. To head the list with that of Briand's first address at the Conference, perhaps the most widely-read of any, is only meet.

Frequently interspersing his talk is his native gesture of pointing his forefinger at right angles to this and that. Always its travels emphasize his voice, which of itself, now low, now rising, to a crescendo, arrives at a most impressive vibrant climax with the aid of an all-appealing gesture:

When my country was struggling against fearful odds; when in this terrible war France felt herself weakening through the blows that were dealt her; when her life and liberty, and I might say the liberty of the world, were attacked and were at stake, the great republic of the United States did not hesitate to send across the ocean millions of boys to share with us the same dangers on the battlefields of France. The United States has had a powerful share, together with our other allies, in saving the independence and life of my country. Therefore, having won the war together, we for ourselves cannot remain deaf to the eloquent appeal that was addressed to us, in order to win peace together.

Tomorrow, gentlemen, the last war being ended, France, which has known nothing but wars, which has witnessed the misery of people of our respective nations shedding their blood on the same ground—I think I am allowed to say that more than any other country France has but feelings of horror for war, and nothing but love of peace. If it is possible to secure the security which she is entitled to expect, if it is only a question of making sacrifices, France is ready to consent.

Here with our friends we shall speak heart to heart, and, looking into each other's eyes, we shall tell you in what situation we find ourselves, and we shall let you know all we can do. France has come here for that purpose, and we thank you, Mr. President, for having invited us here in spite of certain poisonous propaganda in which you have never believed. You are all convinced that France has never been a country of greed and conquest. France has defended her liberty, and I think at the same time the liberty of the world, and if the necessary precautions are taken, in order to insure her life and safety, France, like you, gentlemen, is ready to say "Down arms."

Immediately he finished, the translation was given, but the voice has changed.

Then calls for "Tokugawa" and "Japan" issued from all corners of the hall. The Prince arose and spoke in English. While he was making a most hearty response, the gallery, all leaning forward on their elbows and looking down upon this personage, saw a be-spectacled stout and hale business man. He was of the royalty, but as America saw him, his appearance suggested only democracy.

The Japanese delegation is happy to feel that the presidency of this important conference has now been placed in the hands of a statesman who enjoys the respect and confidence of the whole civilized world.

All humanity is interested in the great purpose for which this meeting has been called. We are here to compose difficulties—not to create them. We mean seriously to promote true and honest friendship among nations—not to impair it. We propose, not to prescribe terms or to dictate a constitution to a dubious world, but to carry out the plain dictates of common sense.

The world needs peace. It calls for political and economic stability. And to co-operate with the powers here so worthily represented for the accomplishment of such a lofty end, under the guidance of the distinguished presiding officer, it will be for Japan a source of greatest pleasure.

The flow of oratory was fairly under way when Senator Carlo Schanzer, president of the Italian delegation and a commercial leader in Italy, stood up to deliver this address, in a high falsetto voice:

Mr. Chairman, the history of this last half century of the United States of America offers to the other peoples a great example of how it is possible to maintain a permanent peace amongst millions and millions of men scattered in a great number of sovereign states and spread over an extremely vast territory, which is of itself an entire world. It offers the great example of how it is not folly to aspire toward an international status in which conflicts are settled through the peaceable means of right and discussion rather than through violence.

In conclusion, I will assure you that Italy will be second to no other nation in working with faith and diligence to the end that the purpose which has inspired your President in calling us to this assembly may achieve a full triumph for the good of the countries here represented and for the good of all mankind, which desires only peace, security, and civil progress.

A salvo of applause and cheering echoed after each address. It was altogether a time of good cheer. Following Senator Schanzer's speech

came the response of Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, ambassador from Belgium. He spoke in his native tongue, and his speech, although exceptionally short, was significant. He said:

"My words will be few and brief. Belgium with all her heart is in favor of the adoption of all measures that tend to insure the blessings of peace—peace with honor."

All through this first day of the Conference proceedings was suffused the light of ideals, dispelling for the time at least the scar of war-hate, that of racial revenge and inherited feuds.

Ancient Cathay sent Dr. S. Alfred Sze to act in the capacity of Chinese minister. Now he had arisen, and it was noticed his hand trembled not a little as he took up his manuscript to read in English the text thereof:

The Chinese government desires to record its gratification that this meeting of the nations has been called. It is convinced that the present is an auspicious time for bringing into accord the political and economic interests of the powers in the Pacific. That the invitation to participate in this gathering should have come from the great American nation, and that the sessions are to be held in its Capital city, is a source of additional gratification to the Chinese people. They and their government will cordially co-operate in bringing to successful conclusion the work of the Conference.

We are all anxious that results beneficial to the world shall crown the work of this Conference. Mr. Chairman, with you guiding the meetings of the Conference, we feel confident that this end will be reached.

Dr. Sze had finished. Now came Netherlands pledging its faith to "the ideal" and Jonkheer H. A. van Karnebeek spoke in English, and with little more than just modesty embracing his bearing and tone, he addressed the house thus:

My country has felt the honor which the United States has done to her, and we have appreciated it very much. We have also understood the limitations which the invitation contains. Holland is not a military factor in the world's politics, and it does not pretend to be. It is a country where two great peace conferences have been held, and although we feel that the well-known words which are written under the coat-of-arms of the House of Orange—"I Will Maintain"—apply equally to our colonial empire, this country has always been making for peace, and I can tell you, Mr. Chairman, that if there is a country where the hearts of the people now beat not only with hope, but also with confidence, it is Holland.

In the interim between the succession of international pledges, the writer was struck with the thought of the peculiar appropriateness of the environment in which this Conference was being conducted. The Hall, clothed in a mantle of white and gold, probably recalled to many Victor Hugo's description of a maiden's boudoir. "Pure white and gold!"

To those who had attended the Conference at Versailles came the thought of the contrast. In the Hall of Mirrors, where amid the environment of royal traditions and memories of old customs the very austerity of aspect prevented true expression of motives and feeling. Its historic high walls did not seem to promote the close interchange of untrammelled thought. Rather, there was that atmosphere of repression that conveyed to all who sat in the galleries a skepticism that anything of a definite or candid nature could, or was going to be, accomplished.

Viscount d'Alte, the Portuguese Minister, whose perfect English aroused not so much attention as did his monocle, spoke in more or less of a monotone, but with deep earnestness:

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Conference: I can say no more than to express the deep sympathy that the nation I represent has in the laudable objects that have brought this Conference together. There is but one foe to the full achievement of these objects, national egotism. Should national egotism tend to lead us astray, let us remember that great as is the power of governments of the world that we represent, far greater still is that of the submerged millions whose every feeling was outraged by the intolerable anguish suffered during the greater war, and who will call us strictly to account should we fail through our deliberations to lead them at least one step nearer to a state of enduring peace.

Then Senator Lodge arose. The assemblage was expectant of another address, but in this he failed them. Simply as a matter of habit, to which he was long inured from active participation in the

Senate, he had arisen only to make a formal motion to adjourn. A ripple of smiles ensued when the audience thus learned of his real purpose.

Simplicity, it has been noted before, marked the opening of the Conference. Its adjournment was none the less pretentious. Delegates rose to shake hands with each other; began chatting familiarly among themselves. It might perhaps safely be said in no previous Conference in all history were faces so illumined with unaffected good fellowship. It did not matter that Japan understood not the language of Portugal; that China could not converse glibly with Belgium—the handclasp on this occasion made up a universal language that needed no further translation.

Back in the alcove some of the Advisory Committee lingered to talk over matters with Chairman Sutherland. Secretary Hughes and Senators Root and Underwood were conferring. They were as ready to receive the expressions of the people as they were to voice their own sentiments. But they did not forget the business of the hour. Hughes, the methodical, cut short a score of congratulations on the part of the lay-crowd, to begin making preparations for the next meeting. He was overheard reminding Underwood in a "committee voice," that his especial committee would meet at four o'clock.

Now the practical work of the Conference had begun. Various committees of experts scattered about in a hundred offices all over Washington to continue in detail the initial work that was so well preluded at this opening session. Even the historic Room 212, of the State Department, where hung the portraits of all of the predecessors of Secretary Hughes, was closed to visitors.

Memorial Hall had been emptied of its galaxy. Motion picture machines and cameras flanked the walks outside the building, thereby "improving the golden hour" with recording the faces and actions of these distinguished people. Briand was now descending the stairs to enter his car. He waved his hat with the glee a schoolboy would employ were he unexpectedly promised a new holiday. Viviani, with hand uplifted, a typical and familiar figure to all those Americans who knew him during war-times, appeared on the steps, only to disappear into his pulsating Fiat.

A smile coming from Admiral Kato, that dignitary of impassive countenance, surprised the spectators. You say it presaged nothing? Probably—but more probably you are wrong.

A world's cynicism and stoic unbelief is changing with celerity into a world's optimism. Here is Jacques Roujou in *Figaro*, who confirms that sanguine thought in commenting on it with peculiar aptness when he says:

The President of the United States has a conviction that it is possible to inaugurate a new diplomacy and to change the nature even of the relations that peoples have with each other. His conviction is shared by the American people. They represent a force that is almost irresistible.

We, too, look forward to no Utopia following the execution of plans such as this Conference advocates, but a universal optimistic spirit is as fully at our disposal as a skeptical opinion, and does not the functioning and suggestive power of the former exert a more desirable outlook upon humanity than the latter?

The Hughes plan promises no millennium. The world does not expect one. If old-time diplomacy is scrapped, if navies are scrapped, if war burdens are lessened, and if nations understand that honor and sincerity mean pacific relations, there is a new landmark made in history. If only a minute part of the world's greed of worldly ambition and selfishness is scrapped, there is much to be thankful for.

And the initial Conference meeting on this day, A. D., November 12, 1921, gives us much to hope for. Every detail of that day's momentous proceedings presaged a call for "action," with the command of "forward" as imperative in peace as in war!

A PEACEFUL LIFE

(LINCOLN)

A peaceful life!—They hailed him even
As One was hailed
Whose open palms were nailed toward Heaven
When prayers nor aught availed.

And lo, he paid the self same price
To lull a world-wide awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, his peaceful life.

—From James Whitcomb Riley's beautiful poetic tribute to Lincoln, the Man of Peace.

"Making Every Minute Count"

The Naval Holiday is On

Congressman Fred A. Britten, chairman of the House Naval Committee, introduces resolution saving \$100,000 a day, \$3,000,000 a month, on ships to be scrapped—This may save \$9,000,000 while conference is in session

WHILE the address of Arthur J. Balfour was being delivered at the Conference for the Limitation of Armament, accepting the naval holiday program on the part of Great Britain, Congressman Fred A. Britten, Chairman of the House Naval Committee on Yards and Docks, who was then sitting in the gallery, began formulating a resolution that has already become historic. The address was not completed before the typewriter was pounding out his words: Joint Resolution No. 223. It was introduced the same day, reading as follows:

"Whereas the second session of the Disarmament Conference now meeting in the city of Washington presented a practically unanimous agreement on the part of Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy and the United States of America in the matter of first line fighting ship tonnage to be retained, as well as tonnage to be scrapped by the respective powers in conference, and,

"Whereas, because of the consideration of matters of agreement other than naval armament, it is probable that this Disarmament Conference may continue in session for several months before a final understanding and satisfactory conclusion has been reached; therefore, be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby directed to stop all work and expenditures on the direct and indirect construction of the battleships Colorado, Washington, West Virginia, South Dakota, Indiana, Montana, North Carolina, Iowa and Massachusetts, and the battle cruisers Lexington, Constellation, Saratoga, Ranger, Constitution, and United States; said ships being under various stages of construction in the private and Government shipyards of America."

Congressman Britten had returned from a four months' tour in Europe, visiting all the capitals and going as far as Constantinople. For ten years he has served on the Naval Committee. He thinks in terms of ships. And if there is anything that has to do with construction, displacement, guns and value of a naval ship, Congressman Britten knows about it.

It was the irony of fate that after all these years of study and perfection, of hard fighting and pulling for the 1916 naval program, which would have given the United States ten times more efficiency for the amount of money spent on the initiative of this stupendous naval program, that Congressman Britten should be the first one to take legislative action to promote the immediate economy intended in the conference which has marked a new era in history.

But the spirit of America's program deliberately sacrificing capital ships that would have given this country a navy, in actual fighting value, thirty per cent superior to England's first line ships, deliberately scrapping 618,000 tons, on which \$332,000,000 had already been expended, was an oblation so unexpected and startling that the sacrifice brought unanimous consent from our own people as well as approval from every corner of the world.

Foreign nations can scarcely comprehend why the United States should deliberately relinquish its assured supremacy of naval power. England

and Japan combined, it must be understood, will possess one hundred and sixty per cent of naval power of the three nations as compared with our one hundred per cent.

Congressman Britten puts it in a nut-shell. "If a secret alliance between England and Japan prevails after this Conference has been concluded, the Conference might just as well have



HON. FRED A. BRITTEN
Chairman of the House Naval Committee

never been called. Its value to America will be negated by these two nations holding a sixty per cent superiority on the seas."

This resolution was the first move towards a realization of the fruits of the Conference.

As Mr. Britten grimly remarked, "We are throwing away our Packards and Pierce-Arrows, and all the chasses, tops and new motors under construction, and are retaining our old Fords, Buicks and Dodges!"

It was never dreamed that our superior capital ships now under construction would be the first to be scrapped. This act in itself, was all-compelling in creating a confidence of the good faith of the United States in the work of a definite and basic Limitation of Armament.

To continue expenditures on ships assured of early destruction seems like buying wood for a bon-fire, but it is accomplishing more than the destruction of armament; it is scrapping the old-time diplomacy and intrigue that has so largely characterized international relations in the past.

The first Congressional act upon this stage of World Drama occurred when Mr. Britten introduced his resolution, directing the Secretary of the Navy to stop all work and expenditures on the nine battleships, and six battle cruisers now under various stages of construction in private and Government shipyards of the country. These ships must be destroyed if the United States plan for naval disarmament is made effective through the disarmament conference.

Mr. Britten in his usual decisive way commented, "We are now spending a hundred thousand dollars a day for labor and materials on ships which are practically certain of the scrap-pile, when the disarmament conference comes to an end, and I am anxious to save as much of this as possible, through immediate action of Congress on my resolution. President Harding will require authority from Congress to cancel and settle ship-building contracts and the quicker this is done, the better."

As the ranking member of the naval committee, it was the voice of authority that spoke when Congressman Britten declared, "The Harding-Hughes naval disarmament economy proposal smashed through the doubtful diplomacy screen with a burst of fairness and self-sacrifice that fairly took the breath away from all who thoroughly comprehend its stupendous importance! If any other nation on earth had made that very same proposal, it would have been yelled down as a distinct attack upon our predominant position in the world of politics, finance and industry."

"The mere suggestion that America throw away \$332,000,000 already invested in 618,000 tons of first line fighting ships that are superior to anything afloat, and at the same time to deliberately renounce the so-called control of the seas, is staggering to comprehend, and yet that is exactly what Secretary Hughes proposes to do."

"America graciously gives England credit for scrapping 172,000 tons in four Hood type dreadnaughts, the drawings for which are not yet completed, and upon which she has hardly spent a single dollar. Japan is given credit for scrapping three battleships and four battle cruisers upon which not an ounce of steel or actual construction has been developed."

"Harding and Hughes have challenged England and Japan to lay their cards on the table. A show-down must occur and secret alliances between them cannot prevail. If the conference fails to promote naval disarmament and prospective world peace, it will be no fault of ours."

"Acceptance of our self-sacrificing program will save England \$160,000,000 in new construction plus \$200,000,000 a year for maintenance for the next ten years; it will save Japan \$210,000,000 in new construction plus \$75,000,000 a year for maintenance during the next ten years; it will save America \$300,000,000 on new construction and \$150,000,000 a year for maintenance during the next ten years."

What a contrast is embodied in this! Pirates scuttled ships to rob and plunder. America scuttles ships to save human life and property.

The action of Fred A. Britten, big navy leader for many years, with visions of making his country the greatest (Continued on page 378)

"For confidence cannot dwell where selfishness is porter at the gate"

The Mind and Heart of China

The ideals of the East have not crumbled—They are meeting the West with its failings—Both are being restored swiftly with the recognition of a common purpose of honor and sincerity in all relations

THE crux of the Far Eastern question is the future of China. The peace of the East settled at the Conference is an assurance of the peace of the West. The zenith of hope will be reached when the East and the West pass the meridian of a full and complete understanding.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the Oriental nations are finding a common ground for adjusting age-old differences at a conference on the soil of the new world. The Occident is also finding in the light of the Orient a pathway leading toward a new and open world covenant.

In friendly assemblage, Asia is looking into the eyes of America and Europe—glimpsing through the windows of the soul of nations—and asking whether the Occident really understands the mind of the Orient.

The Occidental civilization is based essentially on the idea of possession; the idea of mine and yours dominates the life of western people. On the other hand, in China, the family rather than the individual is the unit which determines social relations. The idea of co-operation and inter-relationship influences the life of China.

The ancient Chinese system is based on social ties. Each member of a household is held responsible for all of its members. If the father of a family dies, the eldest son becomes the head of a household and younger brothers and sisters must share in the support of the family. If they have any sort of an earning capacity the eldest has the right to claim support for the family budget. If they refuse to assist, they can be brought into court and compelled to contribute.

More than this, if a man commits treason or similar serious crime, his entire family and neighbors, front and back, right and left, within a prescribed neighborhood circle, are held responsible.

If a family moves into a new house, they notify not only the landlord, but the neighbors as well. These neighbors make them presents of cakes and buns. They light candles and provide them with not only the necessities of the household, but with the means of enjoying a festive occasion. Once this family is established in the new neighborhood, his friends continue their kindness and bring more presents. Thirty to forty families will often congregate in the house-warming.

The political significance of this tradition and practice of co-operation and inter-dependence should not be overlooked at the present time. China, in spite of conquest from without and currents and cross-currents within, has stood solidly for the ideal of peace. These facts should be a consolation to the friends of China who may, because they looked too closely at her immediate situation, fail to realize that these century-long ideals of working together as families and neighbors will, in time, develop in China a united and peace-loving republic.

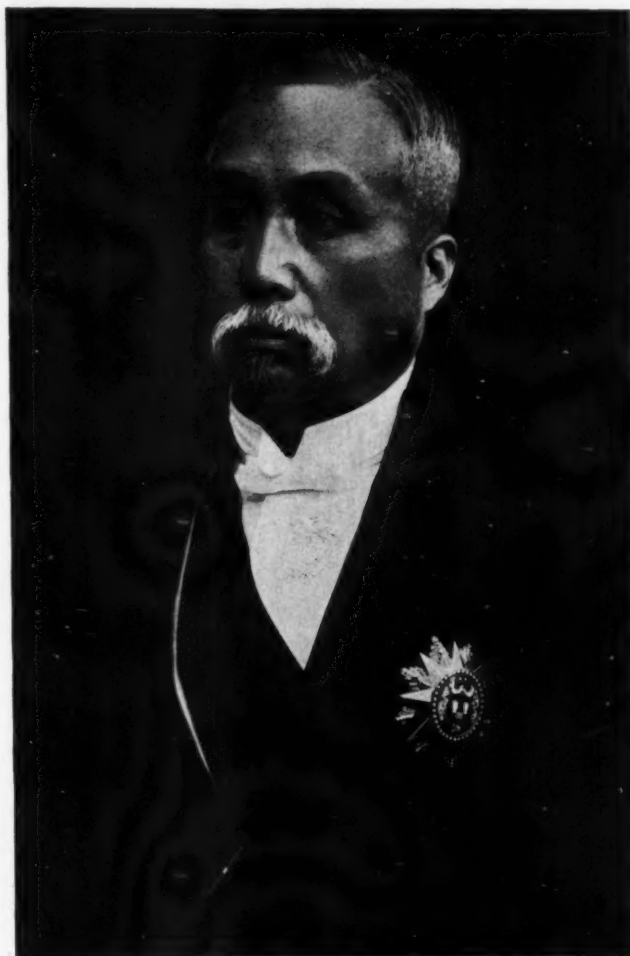
We cannot remind ourselves too frequently of the contrast between the civilization of the East and the West, and what each may learn from the other. In mingling with the Chinese delegation, one is impressed with the process of their thinking. They lack the quick decision that goes with the passions of hate and love, blowing hot and cold, but instead they build up by logical process their hypothesis.

What is this back-ground that produces their manner of thinking? One of the delegates, who had written much and thought much for many years on China's relations to the world, has this suggestion:

"We base everything on the study of two civilizations; one is the East, the other is the West. The West we see as a composite of Egypt, Judah, Greece, Rome, the nations both Latin and Teutonic, which rose in Europe following the fall of Rome, the British Empire, and then America. The East is largely a people of one race. There has been no mixture of Western blood. It has developed a people of pure strain, and even if the blood of the Chinese people flows slower, one advantage to the civilization of the East has been the maintenance of peace over more centuries than in the West.

After the struggles of her early history, China settled down in peace, protected from the Tartar invaders in the north by the great wall. She was protected on the south and west by the Himalayas, by the Pacific on the east.

China never ill-treated any nation, knew nothing of aggressive hatred, but lacking contact with the Western World, especially in the



THE PRESIDENT OF CHINA

nineteenth century, China never felt the spur of necessity for further self-defense, so she simply fell asleep.

When Marco Polo, the Venetian explorer, came to China, many years before Columbus discovered America, he was welcomed there. He lived there for three years and became an official of the then Chinese Empire; later returning to Venice. His writings are indicative of the fascination China held for him. He intimated therein that there existed in China, even at that time, a highly refined and peace-loving people—a civilization which contrasted strikingly with the chaos of European society and cruelties of the Inquisitions.

When Marco Polo returned, he started a movement to send Catholic missionaries to China. They started out on the pilgrimage in high hopes, but grew discouraged en route and returned. China for the time being, deprived of the opportunity to hear the message of the Christian faith, turned in quest of light to India and fell under the teachings of Buddhism, which they accepted and wove into the very fabric of their life. They believed it to be the true religion for all time.

In commercial and industrial progress, China is today far behind. She has, however, the largest population of any nation in the world. Her people are industrious, and with their energies directed to industry along modern lines, can contribute inestimably to the wealth of mankind. Comparatively few of China's

徐世昌

sons have had the advantages of Western education. Yet those who did receive American tutorage made great strides, and were a vital influence in creating the Republic, and are today the arbiters of China's economic and political destiny.

China has had more years of peace than all other nations combined. For many people, the World War has demonstrated the failure of Western civilization. The Conference now meeting in Washington is



HIS EXCELLENCY, DR. W. W. YEN
Minister of Foreign Affairs

in itself an indictment of the shortcomings of this Western civilization, so that now both the Eastern and Western civilization are appearing before the bar of justice. From this may come a re-consecration to a common ideal.

China recognizes that she will be obliged to go through a period of readjustment and stoically concludes that while she may be temporarily overshadowed, might prevails only until right is ready. The opportunity presents itself now for the nations to unite in making world-wide the principles of peace which have dominated China in the past. Unless this opportunity is seized, China may be constrained or forced to adopt the materialism of the West, and thus to become a military nation, which will in time with its potential man power and its immeasurable resources, become a danger to all that we of the West hold most precious. Napoleon, looking at the world from a military standpoint, realized the potential possibilities of China as a military nation. "There lies," he said, "a sleeping giant. Let her sleep!"

Balfour, speaking on behalf of the British Empire before the Conference on the Limitation of Armament, proclaimed that this Conference had already become a landmark in the history of world civilization. Only with the solution of the problem of China may this prophecy of the British statesman be fulfilled.

Brushing aside the detailed problems which frequently confuse the issues of the Far East, the one goal toward which this Conference should and must contribute, is a strong united republic in China. If the achievement of such is made possible, this Conference will have contributed more to the stability and peace of the Far East and therefore of the world, than any similar gathering that has ever met.

The mind of China has been more or less of a closed book to the world. The delegates to the Conference are altogether the most representative of the one republic in the Orient. The personnel not only includes men in high authority—young men who had much to do in creating the new republic—but also delegates from all over China. In fact, a majority of them were born in southern China.

Their form of government naturally makes them feel a kinship with the United States and inspires in them a desire to become a representative republic of the East.

Sitting at a dinner recently in Washington, Admiral Tsai sketched a picture of his country which found a sympathetic response not only in the Americans present, but in a number of the Japanese delegates sitting at his side. "Our monarchy of thousands of years was torn down and foundations laid for the new republic in 1912," he declared. "Of course there is rubbish about when a building is wrecked, and to some there is apparently nothing but rubbish. But year by year the mind of China is seeking a way to build a government as strong and as secure as your own. Yes, we are having a civil war—a very civil war—a bloodless war, a contest over methods of building our new republic. There are many types of republican governments from which to choose. These extend from the days of Athens to the great United States. Some favor the Swiss method, others the French, still others the English plan, but the preponderance of opinion favors that of the United States, their prototype."

Admiral Tsai was educated in New England and has developed the instinct of a quick thinker and trader. His speech is clear-cut and definite—a Yankee by adoption when a mere lad. He gave us a more lucid appreciation of American ideals than might be given by many descendants of those who landed in America from the *Mayflower*.

With a twinkle in his eye he said:

"You may remember it took your thirteen American colonies of three million people thirteen years to adopt a Constitution, and then it was not unanimous. Two states stood out for awhile. China, with eighteen provinces, some of which have over fifty million people, a nation totalling over a half billion population, has already laid secure foundations upon which a stable republic is rising."

Referring to the proposed naval holiday, this Admiral of the Chinese seas indulgently remarked:

"We have no navies to scrap—China is not a scrapping nation. One of the most significant achievements, however, at this Conference, is that it is not only scrapping navies, but old-time diplomacy as well."

China's contribution to the Conference on the Limitation of Armaments is the ideal of peace as the basis of the highest civilization. She not only offers an ideal of peace, but looks to this Conference of Nations to embody this ideal in a practicable, workable pact.

One of the essential factors in establishing a strong Chinese republic which is to contribute to the solution of the Far Eastern question is the generous degree of economic and fiscal independence. Today China is in a large measure bound hand and foot through loans and concessions forced upon her by foreign powers and by the limitation of the amount of tariff duties which she may impose on foreign goods.

This latter fact strongly illustrates the limitations which the powers, including the United States, have placed upon China's fiscal independence. She cannot modify her tariff which today is embodied in treaties with other nations without the consent of these other nations—nations that are interested in selling their products in the markets in China and who have insisted on keeping the China tariff very low.

The lowness of her tariff also hinders her from collecting the maximum revenue from imports, and thereby deprives her of revenue so essential to her development and extension of her national life.

To this Conference then came the representatives of the nine nations, England, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Holland, Portugal, China, and the United States, each with their selfish interests and policies, and all needing the dominating influence of a great ideal. This ideal is fittingly typified by the Chinese word "truth" (ching).

Embodied in this symbol is an ideal for the Conference, bidding it to travel on the straight and undeviating road to "truth," and stopping at nothing short of the truth. If, guided by this emblem, the delegates will shun declarations not founded in sincerity, empty declarations in favor of peace and deception and insincerity which will, in time, defeat the very objects for which the Conference had been called. The straight level line suggests the wisdom of Solomon, whose first instructions to the workmen in the Temple was to level their acts with their plans and ideas.

Although imperfect, the best Occidental interpretation that could be placed on the construction of this, China's much-used character, as fitting the event of the Conference, is thus: The top and level line provides the objective for which China appears in America at this time. The characters underneath spell the word "to stop."

During the course of an interview recently with three delegates of China, this symbol which to the Chinese reads "tseng," was used with the utmost frequency. It was this fact that stirred a curiosity as to its meaning in the minds of listeners and thus brought to the surface the equivalent of the fact that this Oriental people surcharges every important thought with its use.

For the purpose of entering this question from typically Chinese minds from the interior of China, Mr. Tsao courteously arranged a meeting between the interviewers and Dr. Yen Liu. (Continued on page 356)

America has found a wealth of friendship in the Orient through

The Personnel of the Chinese Delegation

The world has found in these representatives "a mind loyal, just and free, a crystal in its plain integrity!"

THE Republic which exists at this time in China has been founded and propagated by those of her sons who received their education and early training in America. It is significant thereof that approximately all of the personnel listed in the Chinese delegation now engaged in the active work of the Conference, are likewise American-educated. Should this not raise the number of those sanguine thinkers who are of the opinion that China's representatives will not return empty-handed?

Only eleven votes prevented the election of President Hsu Shih-Ch'ang of China from being unanimous. Elected at a joint meeting of the Senate and House of Representatives of the so-called "Tuchuns' Parliament," on September 4, 1918, President Hsu Shih-Ch'ang had held, prior to his inauguration, eighteen official positions of a paramount character in China.

In June of 1905 he was made Probationary Grand Councilor and Minister of Government Council; in October of that same year, President of the Board of Police. February of the following year saw him Grand Councilor until November, after which, in December, he was sent on special mission to Manchuria. He was made President of the Board of Interior that same month, and in April, 1907, Viceroy of Manchuria.

The Board of Communications claimed him for President in February of 1909, and five months later his interest adopted those railway matters which had to do with the Tientsin-Pukow line. He was Grand Secretary in February of 1910 and Grand Councilor in August of that same year. Then, appointed Vice-Premier in Prince Ching's Cabinet in May of 1911, he fulfilled the duties his office exacted of him until November of that year, when the vice-presidency of the Privy Council became vacant and then filled by this President of China.

Chief of General Staff in November, 1911, High Commissioner for Training Imperial Guard and Grand Guardian to the Emperor in December, appointed with Shih Hsu, Grand Guardian of the Emperor (this latter office made him a "sworn brother" of President Yuan Shih-kai), he filled the chair of Secretary of State in 1915.

The President, together with Chao Erh-hsun, Li Ching-hai, and Chang Chien, received the title of "The Four Friends of Sungshan," an extraordinary distinction. When Yuan Shih-kai failed in his attempt to make of that vast area of China a monarchy, Hsu Shih-Ch'ang resigned his position as Secretary of State and retired to Honan. Returning to Peking in November of 1912, he mediated between the President, Li Yuan-hung and the Premier Tuan Chi jui, remaining detached from Peking politics during that entire period of unsettlement (1917-18). He lost not a particle of influence over the contending factions, however.

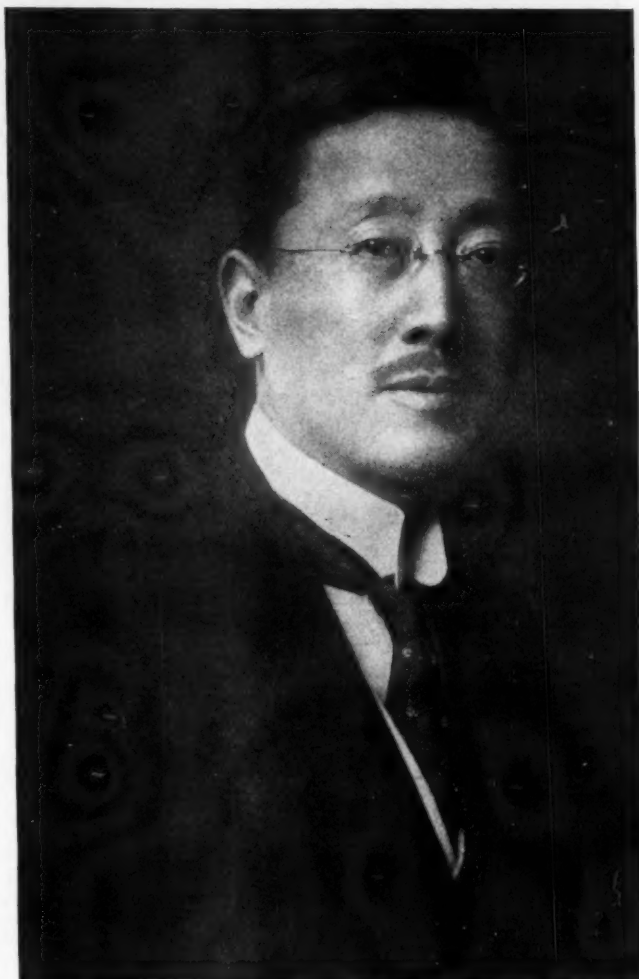
Dr. W. W. Yen, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, is the third son of the late Rev. Y. K. Yen, M.A., of Shanghai. He perhaps belongs to the only one family in China, all of whose members, including a sister, received their education in England and America.

Born at Shanghai in 1877, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs received his early education in local schools and colleges. From 1891 to 1893 he studied at St. John's University and at the Anglo-Chinese College, Shanghai. From 1893 to 1895 he attended Tung Wen College in the same locality.

Arriving in America in December of 1895, he began preparation for college at the Episcopal High School, Virginia, where he stayed for two years. Here he distinguished himself by winning gold medals for English composition and debating.

Upon graduation at the high school, he joined the University of Virginia where from 1897 to 1900 he studied liberal arts and law, graduating therefrom with the degree of A.B. During his stay at that university, he was awarded medals and other prizes for English composition, debating and general proficiency. He was elected to the Phi Beta Kappa in June of 1899.

Dr. Yen returned to China in 1900, and became professor of the English language and literature at St. John's University. In 1906 he accepted the offer of the *Commercial Press* to be its English editor. During his connection with this big publication institution, he translated and edited many useful books, among which might be mentioned the Standard English-Chinese Dictionary (a work of three thousand pages).



HIS EXCELLENCY H. E. SAO-KE ALFRED SZE
Chinese Minister to the United States, and head of the Chinese
delegation to the Conference

During his residence at Shanghai in that period he interested himself in student and social activities. He was one of the founders of the World Chinese Students' Federation, of which he was subsequently appointed honorary secretary. He was a member of the Committees of the Educational Association of China, Anti-foot-binding Society, and other associations with the object of promoting civic welfare.

He received his degree of Doctor of Literature from the Imperial Government at Peking in 1906. Two years later he was appointed Second Secretary of the Chinese Legation at Washington at which Dr. Wu Ting Fang was Minister. He was recalled one year later to Peking to organize a press bureau, which he afterwards headed and directed with efficiency.

In 1911 he was admitted to the Hanlin Yuan (Academy of China), and appointed Junior Counselor of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. After various promotions he became Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs in 1912, when the first government of the Republic was organized. One year later he was appointed Minister to Germany and Denmark. He stayed in Germany until after China's declaration of war upon that country. When the war began, he went to Denmark and functioned there as Chinese Minister until May, 1920, when he



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MADAME SAO-KE ALFRED SZE

returned to China at the instruction of the Peking government. Dr. Yen received his appointment as Minister of Foreign Affairs when he was enjoying his summer vacation at Peitaiho, the popular summer resort situated in North China.

Dr. Yen would have come to Washington as the chief delegate of China, had not his duties in Peking kept him from coming.

His Excellency, Sao-Ke Alfred Sze, China's Minister to the United States, heads the delegates here in America. He is America-educated. A diplomat of limitless experience and of great ability, Dr. Sze early had an opportunity of studying the American Government system while attending school in early childhood at Washington, D. C., and then at Cornell, from where he was graduated.

In October of 1902, Minister Sze returned to China and soon after was appointed Secretary to Viceroy Chang Chih-Tung and Viceroy Tuan Fang. The administrative genius of young Sze was soon apparent and hence officially recognized by his country when he was appointed Acting Junior Secretary of the Minister of Communications. It was a post that gave him full play for his executive genius and knowledge of all methods of communications in China. These communications extended from rapid express trains to slow-moving caravans and boat transportation. He was appointed to this particular post in 1906.

Dr. Sze's record at Peking logically led to his appointment as director to the Peking-Hankow Railway, and a year later, to the Northern Railways, one of the most important executive positions in all time. He likewise served as the director of the Lunhai Railway. His success was so marked that he was chosen customs Taotai in Harbin, Manchuria.

As acting Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in Kirin in 1909, his work attracted so much attention that his election as Senior Counselor of the Ministry in 1911 came swiftly. At that time, he also served as Imperial Commissioner to the International Plague Conference at Mukden. Almost every phase of China's struggles during these critical times came within the horizon of his official duties. He was nominated Chinese Minister to America, Peru, Mexico and Cuba, but could not accept or proceed to any of these posts because of ill health.

His was not a nature to rest on past laurels. Energetic and eager to enter again into diplomatic affairs in his country, his disposition

was noted and he was soon elected Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs. There always seemed to be some emergency which called for his pronounced ability, for in 1912, this talented diplomat who as a boy, began his illustrious career in a Washington high school, became a Minister of Communications and Posts in his native land. This last appointment followed the establishment of the Republic about which he used to dream over his geography in school.

When Dr. Sze became acting Minister of Finance of the new Republic there was brought to his mind the picture of the Treasury Building, Washington.

A year later he was compelled to resign on account of ill health, but as before he could not resist the call as Chief Master of Ceremonies in the President's office. Appointed Chinese Minister to London in 1914, he held that position for the five years which included the trying period of the World War. He was one of the five Chinese delegates attending the Peace Conference at Versailles in 1919.

With this direct and personal contact with war conditions in Europe and the perils that followed, his training as a world statesman—the "Benjamin Franklin of China"—fitted him for this great hour of China's needs. When he came to Washington again in February of 1921 as Chinese Minister to the United States, he was welcomed as an old friend. His notable addresses delivered before various societies and organizations throughout the United States, soon extended his fame throughout the country, beyond the diplomatic bounds of Washington.

He was presented with the freedom of the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore and given many distinctions well deserved by a man whose modesty and sincerity is reflected in the traditions of his native land.

His service as Chinese Minister to the United States during the war made His Excellency, Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo a name well known here in the States. He is counted as one of China's chief delegates to the Conference, and Dr. Koo knows things.

As Minister to the Court of St. James, he was one of China's delegates at the Versailles Conference. A graduate of Columbia University, there is no one more enthusiastic over his Alma Mater than Dr. Koo. His skill as a diplomat was indicative of his student days, when he participated in lively discussions, as a member of the Columbia University debating team. As editor-in-chief of the *Columbia Spectator* and later, as editor of the *Chinese Students' Monthly*, he proved a writer of extraordinary merit, even in his student days. He is a Phi Beta Kappa.

When Dr. Koo returned to China in 1911, he launched a notable



MADAME V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

public career. Appointed Secretary to the Cabinet and later Secretary to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and in 1914, Counselor, he kept right on going forward in his study of world affairs, from the viewpoint of his native land.

Appointed Chinese Minister to Mexico in 1915, he was transferred to Washington before he sailed, and as Chinese Minister to the United States during the war kept close to the real center of world events in Washington and made a diplomatic record that insured promotion. He served as China's chief delegate to the League of Nations and became the Chinese representative on the Council. Dr. Koo was elected vice-chairman of the first commission of the first assembly of the League. His book, "The Status of Aliens in China," is one of the most authoritative writings on this subject of ever-increasing interest.

His wife, Madam Koo, speaking English, is counted one of the most popular hostesses in the diplomatic service at the Court of St. James. It may be opportune to mention here that diplomatic service in the Court of St. James and in the United States is an experience unparalleled in the history of modern diplomacy and state craft.

* * *

China has sent her Chief Justice in the person of Dr. Chung-Hui Wang, to the Conference. He is a jurist of international repute. He completed his university education at Yale, and received his D.C.L. from the Yale Law School, in 1904. The following year he studied international law in England, France and Germany, and was soon called to the bar at the Inner Temple in England. In 1907, he began his diplomatic career as assistant to Mr. Lu Cheng-hsiang, who was at that time Chinese representative to the Second Hague Conference.

During the stirring days of the Revolution in 1911, Dr. Wang was elected Representative to attend the Conference at Nanking and participated in the discussion of the new form of Government of China. He was appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Nanking Provisional Government, and later First Minister of Justice in the newly formed Republican Government at Peking.

When Dr. Wang resigned as Minister of Justice, he was appointed Chief Advisor to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, but refused the appointment, instead taking up work as chief editor of the Chunghua Book Publishing Company at Shanghai. His deep interest in national affairs and educational work naturally led to his selection as Vice-President of the Fu-Tan College. In 1915, he it was who played no small part in frustrating the Yuan Shih-kai monarchical movement; 1916 saw him appointed Charge d'Affaires over foreign matters in Kuangtung.

During the succeeding five years, Dr. Wang acted as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of China, delegate to the Second Assembly of the League of Nations, as China's member of the Commission to consider the Amendments and the League of Nations Covenant, and Deputy Judge of the newly-constituted Permanent Court of International Justice at the Hague. He has drawn to himself the respect of foreigners and Chinese alike. He is counted an exceptionally strong intellectual leader of China.

* * *

As one of the pioneer Chinese students sent to the United States under the direction of the late Yung Wing, Mr. Liang Ju-Hao, better known as M. T. Liang, enjoys the distinction of being one of the first Chinese to introduce American ideas in China. He was recalled by the Conservative Government then in existence, while at school in the United States, as the assimilation of American ideas by the "young devils" was offensive to old officialdom.

He began his career as a clerk in a telegraph office and rose as custom Taotai in Tsientsin, Secretary of the Board of Foreign Affairs, and finally Minister of Foreign Affairs which post he resigned in 1912. He has since lived in retirement devoting much of his time and energy to philanthropic enterprises. China looks upon him also as one of the most influential leaders in the Republic.

* * *

A distinguished Shangtung family gave to China and later to America, the illustrious Chow-Tse-Chi, who is at present serving in the capacity of Advisor to the Chinese Delegation. Confucian schools educated this Oriental early in life and he passed successfully the old imperial examination which awarded him the Chujen, or M.A. degree. Mr. Chow-Tse-Chi was not satisfied with the progress he had made in his classical studies however, and so he joined the Tung Wen College, a government language school at Peking. Then he came to America to attend the Columbian University at Washington, D. C. and so to complete his education.

Now Mr. Chow-Tse-Chi entered the diplomatic and consular service of his country. Serving as Chinese Consul in New York, Consul-General in San Francisco, Charge d'Affaires at Havana, Cuba and at Washington, D. C. until he was recalled to join the Board of Foreign Affairs in Peking in 1908, he fitted into a most important place in public service.

Following the establishment of the Republic in China, Mr. Chow-Tse-Chi's service to his country has become even more conspicuous.



AMBASSADOR V. K. WELLINGTON KOO
Chinese delegate to the Conference

Made a member of the Senate, Director-General of the Currency Bureau and thrice Minister of Finance, he has been found to have maintained throughout, a pleasing, sympathetic, and helpful attitude.

* * *

Largely responsible for arranging a new tariff for China which is now in operation, Admiral Tsai Ting-Kan, associate Advisor of the Chinese Delegation, in officiating as chairman of the Tariff Revision Commission made for himself a reputation that will not soon be eradicated. His public service continued as Associate Director of the Customs Administration and Secretary of the President's Office.

A graduate of the New Britain High School he was afterward one of the students of the first group sent to America in 1873. Joining the Torpedo School at Taku after his return to China, he was made Commodore of the Torpedo Fleet in 1892, Vice-Admiral in 1912, and Chief Inspector of the Salt Administration in 1913. He is an eloquent speaker and handled all the foreign affairs when Yuan Shih-Kai was President.

* * *

The personnel of the Associate Advisors to the Chinese Delegation includes many legal advisors. Of this class, comes Mr. Lo-Wen-Kan, a student of law in England. He was Judicial Commissioner for Kuangtung in 1911, for one year; Procurator-General from 1912 to 1915, he was then made Vice-President of the Law Codification Commission, remaining thus until the present year. His present status ascribes him as professor of law to the Peking Government University and the School for Judicial Officers.

Every phase of economics and education appears to be represented in the delegations. Dr. Hawking L. Yen was acting President of the Tsing Hua College, an educational institution whose establishment was made possible by the return, on the part of the United States, of money awarded in the Boxer Indemnity. He was also Counselor of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and a trusted lieutenant of Lu Cheng-hsiang recently resigned from the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Dr. Yen served as a Technical Delegate at Paris. He studied at St. John's University in Shanghai, and in 1902 won the Alumni medal for delivering the best Chinese oration. Engaged by St. John's as an instructor he was appointed teacher in 1907 at Fu Tan College in Woosung.

Dr. Yen arrived in America in 1908 to take up more advanced studies as a government student. He joined Columbia University in New York and made political science his major subject. In the same year he received his degree of A.M. Two years later, he successfully passed the examinations for a Ph.D. degree. His subject for the doctor's dissertation was titled "A Survey of Constitutional Development in China," a subject which has since been printed in book form.

In 1911, he returned to Peking and was appointed a member of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. From 1912 to 1913, he served as Commissioner of Foreign Affairs in Chekiang, his native province. He was later called to Peking, appointed Secretary of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and there held the position of Secretary for three years.

Dr. Yen was appointed a member of the office of the Cabinet in 1916. During the same year he was made managing editor of the *Chinese Social and Political Science Review*, and has resumed the editorship of this magazine since his return from Europe. In 1917, Dr. Yen was promoted Counselor of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and in the winter of 1918 he accompanied Minister Lue Cheng-hsiang's mission to the European Peace Conference in the capacity of Technical Delegate. Dr. Yen is now a member of the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

In his present office, Dr. Y. C. Chang has been giving aid to the Delegation in the capacity of Associate Counselor as well as Counselor of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. From 1898 to 1899 he studied at the Imperial University in Tokyo, Japan, and then at the Universities

of California and Yale, where he was graduated with high honors in 1903 and 1904. He was appointed an attaché to the Chinese high commissioners for the investigation of constitutional governments in Europe and America in 1905 to 1906. Secretary of the Chinese Legation, Tokyo, 1908, Counselor of Waichiaopu, 1913, Commissioner of Foreign Affairs for Kiaugsu and Auhui Provinces in 1913 to 1915, and President of the Tsing Hua College in 1918, Dr. Chang has behind him a record that may well serve him in future diplomatic circles.

Another Counselor of the Delegation is Mr. Chung Mun-Yew, an early Chinese graduate from the '83 class in Yale. Mr. Mun-Yew created a name for himself in the Trophies Hall at New Haven, for he was coxswain of a winning University crew there one year. Since his return to China, he served as Managing Director of the Shanghai-Nanking Railroad for many years. Recently he was appointed Director of the Shanghai Mint which was founded for the special purpose of reforming China's currency.

Dr. Philip K. C. Tyau, Secretary-General of the Chinese Legation, is the first Chinese Minister to reside at Havana, Cuba. He was a graduate of Cambridge University of the class of 1907, and a barrister at law of the Middle Temple, in London.

Appointed Counselor of the Chinese Legation in London in 1912, Counselor of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs in 1920, and Chairman of the Board of Directors of Tsing Hua College in 1920, for the duration of one year, Dr. Tyau has also evidenced intense interest in Y. M. C. A. work in China.

THE MIND AND HEART OF CHINA

Continued from page 352

who is an author of two books pertaining to the history of China, and also Mr. Wang, a teacher in Peking on international law.

These two gentlemen came direct from Changsha, which is the capital of the province of Hunan. It may be remembered, Yale University in China is located in Changsha, seven hundred miles from the seacoast. The only available transportation to the coast from Changsha is largely by river-boat.

Such an opportunity of coming directly into contact with the Chinese mind that had lived most of its life far in the interior, a mind that could speak itself only through the channels of Oriental characters, was rare indeed. The question only contained five words. The meeting-place was a Washington hotel.

"What does China want of America?"

In simple monosyllabic words of the Chinese, Mr. Wang responded: "The mutual benefit of America and China. If China is given freedom to develop more easily, our standard of living will be raised to a higher plane. With China independent and economically sound, the world will not be tempted to fight over special rights and concessions, thereby removing the causes of future wars. At the same

time when China is developed, the purchasing capacity per capita will be increased to swell the volume of peaceful trade.

"We believe America desires to help China because she has arrived at a stage where she sees that the world is going the wrong way."

When China presented her ten points to the Conference she revealed a sincerity that was all-compelling. Japan's ready response also indicated that in the perspective of ten thousand miles from home the two ancient nations of the Orient are beginning to understand each other. While pleasant words have passed in previous diplomatic parleys, Secretary Hughes at the outset of this Conference insisted that its proceedings were to be practical and sincere, squaring decisive and definite action with words, plans, and avowals.

At any rate, the success of this Conference, so far as China is concerned, depends upon the genuine fulfillment of these noble sentiments so well expressed by Japan. The fulfillment of the ideal of truth, "tseng," the symbol of which is common in the written language of both Japan and China, should form a common basis upon which all nations may meet in negotiating a solution of the vast and important problems of the Far East.



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WASHINGTON FROM WASHINGTON MONUMENT

Come with us into the realms of the "City of Childhood"

Mooseheart— Greatest Mother of Them All

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"

TENDER thoughts ever come at Yuletide! To be a child again! Our longing leads us back to childhood ways and days, with all their simple and unaffected joys! Our fancy too, deceives us, and soon we are wafted into a world of Blue Birds, out of which nothing but a gold-tipped sun awakes us Christmas morn!

On Christmas Eve at 9 p. m., 600,000 members of Loyal Order of Moose turn their faces towards the "city of childhood," Mooseheart. They pray for the continued welfare of over a thousand children who live in that city, even as these children say their nightly prayer. It is a spiritual ritual, more beautiful than words can describe.

The occasion of Yuletide brings to the minds of every one of these members the happiness that comes only to the man who "has given." These men have given with sacrifice, with generosity, with faith and with much precursive labor.

The Moose have taken to heart the legend of two moose who in the fastness of the wilds, fought and locked antlers in mortal conflict. It is a legend which more than anything else, cites the futility of war. The Moose then, have instituted a united brotherhood of peoples, and only through this condition will they be able to leave behind them generations of loving memories, for in donating this "child's city" not only to children of Moose members, but to the entire world, they have performed nobly.

Brotherhood has always been a cohesive factor in the making of civilization. In the lights and shadows of human existence, the illuminating ideal of fraternal impulse has burned steadily, even as the fires of Penates. The family, the tribe, the neighborhood, the country, the state, the nation—all are results of the fraternal instinct.

A small majority banded together, like the Pilgrim Fathers, unsupported save by the flaming torch of kindred spirits, led the way to hope for peaceful habitation. The very formation of this Republic was the result of fraternal bonds. Fifty of the fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence were Masons, and the Constitution of the United States was the first written document which established a self-governing body of men, and it was founded upon a Constitution of a fraternal organization.

When the Loyal Order of Moose was first organized, it was a failure. Starting with a rush (a procedure of organizing societies overnight, then in vogue), it was soon spent by the fury of initial enthusiasm. There was no ideal objective.

The re-birth of the Order dates from the arrival of a young man who had come to America from Wales, when a boy. He had worked as a puddler in the iron mines since he was eleven years of age. He had carried the burdens of childhood and still had known its joys. As the story of his life became known around the fireplaces, his sterling qualities as a young lad made him a leader of men.

He was elected city clerk and soon after joined the Order which gave full play to his genius in helping his fellowmen. This Welsh boy is now the nation's Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. He is not yet fifty, but has accomplished one of the noblest works possibly accredited even to his later illustrious career. He builded a city for children—children born of fathers who were

members of the Moose and bread-winners, who had died.

It was work that required all of the brawn and brain of young Davis, and although he spared none of this, it still remained a task, miraculously done, Heaven-blest!

Davis' genius for organization soon found him out among the members of the Order, and this society grew as only a fore-ordained, successful organization can grow. Jim Davis was made Director General a very short time after his initiation into the society. He was a man who had seen so many organizations evolve into wrecks because of poor judgment and bad management exercised that he worked like a Trojan lest his organization, too, go to seed. He was an executive, social, business and membership committee all in one, enlisting help and recruits night and day.

Jim Davis had not always "puddled." He had been double-crossed by nomadic blood that flowed in his veins, and during the panic of 1893, was reputed to have been a wanderer seeking work. All men in a like condition become somewhat philosophic. So it was with Jim Davis. He handled, with equal ease, the billy and philanthropic ideas with regard to the welfare of the children of the streets.

After Jim Davis joined and re-made the Moose, this thought of providing some home for those unfortunate orphans of the streets, where they would not be made to suffer for Destiny's caprices in robbing them of the family's bread-winner, soon grew to an idea with the means to back it up. With his Celtic engaging way, he carried a majority, no matter what the subject or what the crowd. So he tackled this. The campaign was a bitter fight, but the Welsh are no Quakers, and he succeeded in creating a furore of opposition, which, construed in the language of wisdom, meant they were coming around to it. The construction of a "child city," called "Mooseheart," was begun in Illinois.

The mothers of these families were taken to Illinois with their little children, and many of them made matrons in charge of their families, some mothers taking care not only of their own families, but, perhaps, of the

still more unfortunate Moose families; in cases where both of the parents had died.

In the valley of the picturesque Fox River then did a township of children spring up, as if overnight. All that was a part of Jim Davis, a most loyal member of the Loyal Order of Moose; all that was ingrained in his finer instincts (and these he possessed in super-abundance), was put on record in the purest white, when the culmination of this dream came to pass, and under his direction and personal supervision, approximately over one thousand children were made supremely happy for once and always. He



JAMES J. DAVIS

Secretary of Labor in President Harding's Cabinet, Founder of Mooseheart, and Director-General of the Loyal Order of Moose

expressly wanted a place where these children could live unoppressed, free from haranguing insinuations of being charity-seekers, insinuations that an unthinking world had flung at them. They were made to understand this place was "their city." They were "people of rights,"

have facilities, plenty of them. In the winter they skate, ski and snow-ball. They receive enough discipline to allow them the liberty they so ardently crave, and yet enough to launch them on the sea of life. They work to play and play to work. Every child is brought up in the faith of its father. There is no such thing as a racial or religious ism. All work in the same spirit, under the same Master.

Here Jim Davis provides these children with "personal liberty" first of all, a gift that was not their pleasure by right of constitution. They are made to understand they are allowed to leave the city when they become of age, and take with them no obligations to the club. While some take advantage of this every year, many remain to take their places beside their town plenipotentiaries, and to welcome and aid other children on their arrival. These children have their own courts of justice. Their government is self-government, and very seldom is the genial and well-loved Superintendent Adams called upon to deliver sentence on the head of a violator.

Every afternoon at four o'clock the children congregate in the big auditorium, the Roosevelt Hall, where there is some little form of amusement or entertainment. The village band is always there to swing them into a waltzy spirit, and they are incredibly happy.

Secretary Davis has not relinquished thoughts or plans for the furtherance of this splendid idea. The place is as dear to him as are his own children. His concern for the welfare of Mooseheart was corroborated recently while having had occasion to observe the banquet room of the White House in all its radiance and splendor. He was heard to say then:

"We will have a library as elegant as this hall for Mooseheart some day soon!"

TOLEDO, during the last week of June, bore the similitude of a primeval forest, as its shady avenues sheltered nearly a thousand members of the Loyal Order of Moose. Their emblem of spread antlers excited curiosity at every turn, and was the focus of fellowship in homes and hotels. The occasion was the convention of the grand lodge of that miracle of fraternal growth. Organized only fifteen years ago by James J. Davis, like a sapling planted by a river, it has grown into a great tree whose leaves are for the healing of the social order. Mr. Davis was the young Welsh immigrant who arrived in New York about forty years ago, and is now Secretary of Labor in President Harding's cabinet. His life is pledged to the service of this order.

There were nine hundred and forty-one delegates in attendance, which is but nineteen under

the high-water mark at Mooseheart, Illinois, two years ago. Mooseheart is the Moose capital and headquarters of Moose benevolence. It contains some of the best vocational schools in the country, hospitals for the sick, homes for the aged and indigent. It is the vision of Director-General Davis and his coadjutors to make of Mooseheart a monumental institution. Multiplying the existing center by five, with the other four at strategical points, the grand conception is that of a five-pointed star on the bosom of the nation. It is hoped that all nations may find in Mooseheart a solution of the problem of caring for the widow and orphans of soldiers.

One who was present says he never heard more wonderful debates than those at this convention. The Loyal Order of Moose is declared to be the purest democracy ever known from its working out of the principles of representative government. Toledo was given a splendid exhibition of the manhood and womanhood of the order when eleven thousand of its leading men and women joined in a street parade. Dayton, Ohio, furnished a ladies' brass band, and the Philadelphia ladies won the marching prize.

John W. Ford of Philadelphia at the convention represented twenty-eight thousand members, constituting the largest fraternal unit in the world. They have given a hospital to Mooseheart.

James Griffin, of Boston, familiarly called "Jimmy" by his brethren, was elected Supreme Dictator for the ensuing year.

Darius A. Brown, the retiring Supreme Dictator, presided throughout in masterly fashion. His valedictory was an eloquent summary of Moose principles. "A star of the first magnitude," the *Moose Bulletin* calls him, and, recounting his work in office, says in part: "Brilliant indeed has been the sweep of his career over the country, day by day, in the interest of his beloved Moose brethren, and of Mooseheart, the very child of his heart." Referring in his remarks to the spirit of five boys who took the roses presented to them on graduating from Mooseheart vocational school to lay on the graves of friends, Mr. Brown said "the time is coming when like a great wave this sentiment will sweep over the continent, when, instead of a membership of six hundred thousand, we are going to have five million—ten million—yes, eventually twenty million of the best men in America, consecrating their efforts and a few paltry dollars each year to the reclamation of dependent childhood."

The main feature of the convention was the annual report of Director-General Davis, read in person with the full impact of his striking forensic gestures. His platform action is vigorous as with swinging arms he appears to fling his ideas abroad. Both in word and work at the convention he demonstrated uncommon leadership. "He is in a large way the founder of the order and is the idol of the members," say the delegates. He was at every meeting of the convention and had the big part in all its deliberations, according to the same authority. Hundreds of Toledo citizens, as well as lodge members, sought him out. The striking printers of Toledo told him their troubles, and the union flint glass workers and miners consulted with him. Mr. Davis while absent from Washington visited Sharon, Pennsylvania, where in boyhood he worked in the steel mills, and the people there gave him a glorious reception. There, as at Toledo, he met a legion of his old comrades.

Facts and figures in the annual report give an idea of the magnitude of the institution, which is far more than a fraternal society. Originally a mere fraternity, the Loyal Order of Moose, with its great house of refuge, Mooseheart, has become a beacon of benevolence to the world.

According to Director-General Davis, although the year 1920-1921 was a hard one for fraternal organizations, with the Moose it has been one of the most prosperous ever experienced. Membership had increased from 551,103 to 552,713 in



WILLIAM F. BROENING

Mayor of Baltimore, Maryland, and Past Supreme Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose

even as you and I. Altogether, it was a beautiful oblation to Democracy! It was an oblation into whose chalice bitter dregs were poured, but once they had settled to the bottom of the cup, they were no longer bitter; they became purified by the noble and self-sacrificial thought of the man who had poured!

Picture to yourself this city called "Mooseheart." A village of homes, schools, hospitals, workshops, farms, factories, residences, nurseries—everything that is required and exists in your own little home town. From Alaska to Panama they come, and they arrive at all ages, from the period of infancy to adults. Those participating, take pride in a football team, two brass bands, an orchestra. These children are given a trade, a high school education, an academical business or social education, as the exigencies in each case require. Certain children are given weekly allowances, and their perennial holidays spell much hilarity and merriment for them.

The average Moose member is a working man. For their leaders many illustrious men, including President Warren G. Harding, Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart and Congressmen of many states, Edward Henning, Mayor Broening of Baltimore, Darius A. Brown, Charles A. McGee, Rodney Brandon, John J. Lentz, and the late Theodore Roosevelt, have been affiliated with the order.

Various lodges of the Moose have donated some one institution to Mooseheart. Philadelphia has given a hospital; one a school; another a row of cottages for especially large families. The cost of financing this city of Mooseheart costs the order \$1,500,000 annually.

In the summer, these children play, and they

good standing. Net assets were \$22,856,287.11 against \$15,000,000 last year. Charters had been issued to 105 new lodges, bringing the number up to 1,667. The Junior Order has more than 5,000 members and \$20,000 net assets. Sick benefits and funeral expenses amounting to \$15,941,475.81 were paid, and \$7,487,837.11 expended at Mooseheart.

Referring to Mooseheart vocational training for disabled soldiers, the director-general said



DARIUS A. BROWN
Past Supreme Dictator

he had been shown a letter from a boy who had taken a course in ornamental concrete construction, which mentioned that he was now making about \$250 a month in Sioux City, Iowa. The ten-million-dollar endowment fund for Mooseheart, which Mr. Davis started last year, now amounted to \$70,563.17, the main source being penny collections at lodge meetings. There was \$60,949.78 in the House of God fund, to erect a place of worship and complete the grammar school and assembly hall at Mooseheart.

Wisconsin, New Jersey, Indiana, Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska, Michigan, West Virginia, Illinois and Ohio have plans under way to put up state buildings at Mooseheart. Rochester, New York, lodge has completed Rochester Hall there. Pennsylvania members are going to construct Pennsylvania Baby Village.

Mooseheart Alumni Association, Home for Aged and Infirm, the Mooseheart band, the *Mooseheart Magazine* and the *Mooseheart Weekly* are all dealt with in the report. Mention is also made of the Grand Lodge of Perfection, established for members of lodges that have become dormant or defunct, and for eligibles in communities not capable of supporting lodges. The Legion of the World at Mooseheart has separate branches for men and women.

Nothing in the report is more interesting, however, than where the personality of Director-General Davis shines through. Before accepting the office of Secretary of Labor he had consulted with the Moose supreme council. Its members were unanimous in advising him to take the place. They agreed with him that it did not mean giving up his position as director-general. In this connection Mr. Davis says:

"Since taking up my duties in Washington, I have learned over and over again the value of fellowship and friendship."

During the year he had attended all of the meetings of the supreme council, the executive committee, and the board of Mooseheart governors. A warning to lodges to respect the prohibition law appears in the report. The director-general lays stress on the solidity of the order as a system of insurance. It had "banished from the member's mind the worst of that trinity of

fears that forever plague him"—fear of unemployment, of the care and education of his family, and of what will become of him in old age.

"Our wealth is not in money, but in souls," Mr. Davis says, "in the hearts of our six hundred thousand loyal members. Our riches lie still in the high principles of this order. Every one of the twenty-two million dollars we have is a dollar not of pride, but of responsibility."

His sense of distinction conferred on him by the President of the United States and his pledge of life devotion to the Moose are tersely expressed in these concluding words of the report:

"I personally have been honored as only nine other men in the country may be honored. I have attained the highest honors that may fall to me. But great as that honor has been, I say to you—and I am delighted to say to you with all my heart—that I will, with your permission, continue to work for this great fraternity until the end."

SOME of the heroes of history are those who have led legions forth to bloody battles. "I am not come to destroy but to save life," the Christ proclaimed. Then and thus the dawn of



JAMES F. GRIFFIN
Supreme Dictator

a new era was announced. That this era is now approaching noontide is evidenced by the vast individual and collective efforts of humanity, increasing in number and widening in scope, to relieve suffering and to save lives, which are among the most conspicuous manifestations of the present age. Such an effort is that of Mooseheart. It combines the individual and the collective in its motive forces, with regard both to the whole and to parts of the magnificent service. This is particularly the case in the matter of the children's hospital village, which the Moose lodge of Philadelphia, the largest fraternal unit in the world, has donated to Mooseheart.

When visiting Mooseheart as one of the Loyal Order of Moose functionaries, Mr. John W. Ford saw among its children some that were sick, without adequate means of taking proper care of them. He went back to Philadelphia and told the twenty-eight thousand members of his lodge about it, calling on them to do

something for the little sufferers. That was the individual. By a *viva voce* vote they resolved to give him a hospital. That was the collective.

John W. Ford is one of the ablest presiding officers and convention speakers in the country. Also he ranks among the "sweet singers of Israel" in Mooseland. His life is dedicated to the development of the Loyal Order of Moose. There is something sterling in that word "loyal" that fits John Ford. From their clubhouse on Broad



JOHN W. FORD
Past Supreme Dictator and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Supreme Lodge and a Mooseheart Governor

Street his twenty-eight thousand members stand ready, at all times, to give effect to whatever "the little giant," as their chief is fondly called, may determine should be done for the grand philanthropic enterprise of the L. O. O. M. Wherever they go they wear their uniform, and, for every excursion or parade, John Ford sees that they are properly equipped and looking their finest and carrying off prizes. Truly he is an inspiring character, a beloved leader.

WHEN law and labor join hands, a thrice strong team is made. This is what happened when Secretary James J. Davis selected one of the best lawyers in the country to assist



Where child philosophy holds full sway

him in re-organizing the Department of Labor. He was a man who had made a reputation for thoroughness in the constructive work of the Loyal Order of Moose, and hence could not escape the eye of Mr. Davis as director general of that organization of over a half million men.

Edward J. Henning was for many years United States district attorney for Wisconsin, and then moved to San Diego, California, where he built a large practice. This he sacrificed to



EDWARD J. HENNING

Past Supreme Dictator and a member of the Executive Committee

go to Washington and help in the organization of the Labor Department. Mr. Henning is native of Wisconsin and studied at its state university, afterward taking his law course in Washington, D. C. Gifted and equipped with pronounced common-sense, he is one of the best legal minds in the country. He can read a document and see the two sides of the presentment at once, at one sweep of his eye reading and digesting the subject-matter. Already, in the Department of Labor, he has untangled many knotted strands in immigration affairs, and has established a system that expedites justice.

His constructive talent has been of great value in Moose conventions. As the chairman of any committee, resolutions or otherwise, he makes a report that reports. Withal he has a

keen sense of humor, enhancing his quality of leadership. Mr. Henning is a man who, in Walt Whitman's phrase, keeps his face always turned to the sunshine, so as to have the shadows fall behind him. Well-balanced, having an eminent sense of justice, and always human, he is the type of lawyer that some day must grace the judicial bench.

WITH real Maryland *bonhomie* radiating from his twinkling blue eyes, Mayor Broening of Baltimore royally dispenses the hospitality of his noble city. Not only does he receive distinguished visitors from all parts of the world, but thousands of home folks are drawn within the sunshine of his personality. In addition to sustaining the burden of directing the affairs of a large city, he is Past Supreme Dictator of the Loyal Order of Moose, with its six hundred thousand members.

Both himself and his wife are very deeply interested in Mooseheart, and he is the Maryland director of the Moose Vacation Institute of that wonderful center of philanthropy.

William Frederick Broening was born in Baltimore on June 2, 1870, and he is a Baltimorean all through. He was educated at the University of Maryland, taking the degree of bachelor of laws there in 1898. The same year he began the practice of law, and in 1912 became a member of the firm of Robinson & Broening, continuing as such for six years. A member of the Baltimore city council in 1897-9, of the House of Representatives of Maryland in 1902, and elected state's attorney for Baltimore for two four-year terms beginning November, 1911, he succeeded to the mayoralty in 1919 for the term of four years.

Besides his high rank in the Moose, he is also a Mason, an Odd Fellow, a Knight of Pythias and an Elk, making him considerable of a "joiner." Mayor Broening is the soul of geniality, a veritable "everybody's friend," and, while of boyish spirit, is a solid man in civic matters. Nobody in America is better posted on everything that has to do with the current municipal life of the nation. As a public speaker he is pleasing and effective.

In matters of faith Mayor Broening is a Lutheran, and in politics a Republican. He married Josephine Marie Grauel of Baltimore on September 6, 1905. At their beautiful home at Forrest Park, Mr. and Mrs. Broening maintain private hospitality in keeping with the spirit with which at headquarters the mayor does the public honors for Baltimore.

WHETHER as a member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention or on the floor of a Moose Convention, Rodney Brandon, the Supreme Secretary of the L. O. O. M., knows how to weave his thoughts and words into acts and deeds. He has had that rare knockabout experience among men, touching at all angles of

human experience, that makes a real booster—because he has known and loved the best side of men. His is an aggressive personality, and in his newspaper work he escaped the blight of cynicism in the crusade for the little orphans of his brother Moose in carrying out the vision of James J. Davis. Mooseheart has been his home since the first sod was turned in the creation of this world-famed child city of Mother Moose.

Big as a moose in his business, Rodney H.



RODNEY H. BRANDON

Supreme Secretary

Brandon was eventually captivated. In captivity he is the supreme secretary of the Loyal Order of Moose. First tethered to that post in 1908, he was loosed in 1912 by his brother officers to undertake the construction of Mooseheart. Having done that work in good shape, he was taken back and tied to the supreme clerical stool five years later. Apparently he is now tamed so that he will stand without hitching, but it must be hard for one who wandered so wildly in his earlier days.

Mr. Brandon, on going to New York after his university course "spent two years in acquiring a business education by sticking to each job only six months." Then he was caught by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and sent out on the road as its traveling auditor. Bumping into some old college friends at Anderson, Indiana, he decided to make his permanent home among them. Starting as a newspaper

Continued on page 378



Bright-eyed, fair-haired girls and strong, manly boys make up the happy Mooseheart family.

A few pages of gossip about

Affairs and Folks

Brief comment on current happenings, and news notes about some people who are doing worth-while things

FRANK BACON has broken all records for a continuous presentation of one play, and that one play is the product of his own mind. Although entitled "Lightning," it came without any of the thundering exploitation of the usual Broadway production. Like the man himself, the play was produced with a natural and simple setting. The people just crowded to see it night after night for successive years, and some individuals have the record of going to see it twenty-one times.

More than an actor is Frank Bacon—even more than a playwright—he is the personality in the theatre world who occupies the spotlight of a friendly favorite. His success is due to the

simplicity and sincerity of the man. He was born in Marysville, California, in 1864, and has all of the piquant picturesqueness of David Belasco, Warfield and others who have hailed from the coast.

The first performance of "Lightning" was on Broadway in August, 1918, and concluded in August, 1921, while crowds were still coming. In this he plays the character of Bill Jones, which is regarded by critics and theatergoers as one of the most distinctive characters created in a generation.

Sitting with him in his dressing room just before the last performance in New York, as the time was approaching for his cue and he did not seem to worry, I said:

"Mr. Bacon, are you not going to make up?"

"I don't make up," he replied with a smile twinkling in kindly blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows. He pushed back his prematurely gray hair that is so familiar to his friends and audiences and continued, leisurely puffing a cigarette:

"You see that stick of red—well, it is so hot it is running away with itself this hot night. All I do is put a little of that on my nose to make it evident that Bill Jones drinks now and then—which I do not—and I am made up."

If actresses were reduced to Frank Bacon's standard of make up, lip sticks would be all that they would use, and consider themselves made up. They could go out on the stage with their lips glowing like the bloom of a red rose to match Frank Bacon's nose, and properly introduce the soul-affinity kiss.

In "Lightning" one catches the real breath of frontier life in California. The humor bubbles out like the spring from the mountain side. It is a re-

freshing change from the usual Broadway production. No wonder that they are crying for him to come back again to Broadway from the "Blackstone" in Chicago, where he is delighting another clientele of thousands with his "Lightning" gleam.

The career of Frank Bacon has been one of intense human interest. When asked for the thrill of his life, he narrowed his eyes in remembrance and began:

"Years ago we were playing dates in New Mexico, trying to relieve the long jumps from East to West. At one of the army posts I met a young lieutenant, John J. Pershing. He said: 'There's no use stopping here, as no one in the post has any funds until pay day, so you need not expect any money for box receipts.' He was a fine young fellow, and I decided we would play on credit. We admitted everybody 'on tick' and produced the play. The manager protested: 'You big, guileless chap! Don't you know we have spent \$11.77 stopping over here to produce it and now we get nothing for food? No wonder you are broke and bankrupt doing such things as playing on the installment plan—giving people credit for theatre tickets. The one thing that goes with the theatre, my man,' he said in a stalwart voice that reminded me of an old Shakespeare actor, 'is cash—CASH! That word means eat; eat equals live.' Of course I was very hungry, but I promised we would play. We then passed on to the golden glories of California, and the incident was all forgotten when we got something to eat—it was charged up, in fact, at a loss.

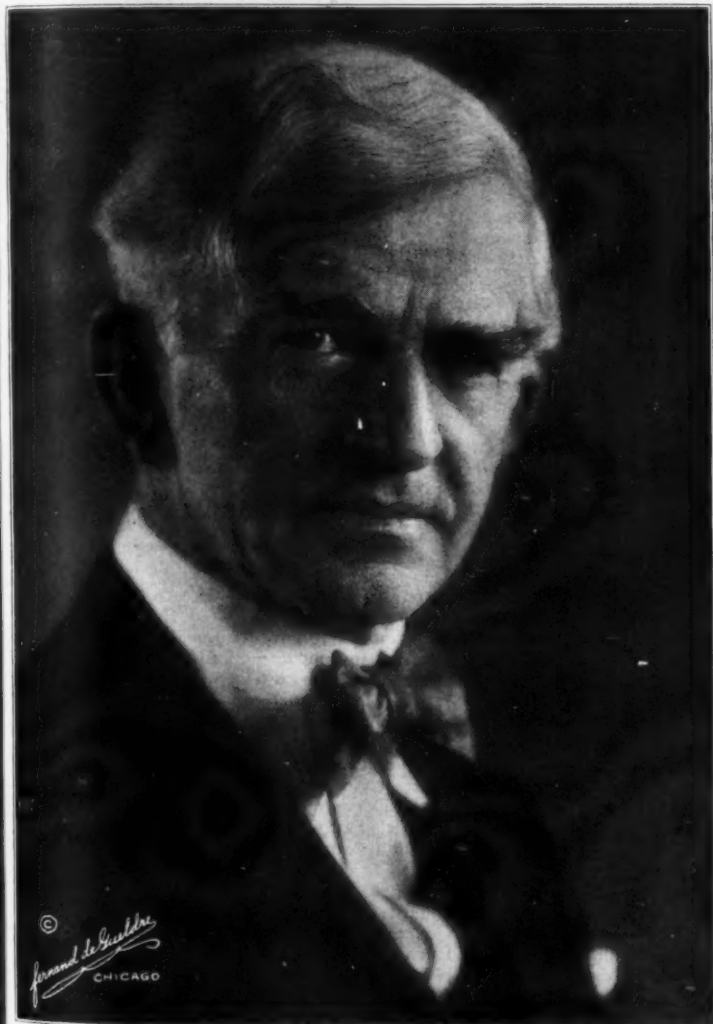
"On Christmas Eve we arrived in San Bernardino—out on the arid plains of southern California—and fate again o'ertook the company. We found ourselves broke, bankrupt, with nothing to eat.

"It was a most gloomy and dismal Christmas Eve. We were gathered about an old hotel stove trying to cheer each other with reminiscences of former days, when the mail man arrived. We thought it was only another bill for past due accounts. When I opened the letter with very little dramatic touch, I started—lo and behold, a check fell out. It was signed by John J. Pershing, and amounted to \$337.32—it was from the army post in New Mexico. Did we eat? We feasted," said Frank Bacon with a reminiscent twinkle in his eye, "we feasted like Lucullus at a barbecue."

"Never can I describe the thrill that came to me when that little piece of paper fluttered from the envelope and brought hope to the disconsolate, and food to the starving. The credit of the United States Army was restored, and has since been Triple A—first class."

Southern Woman Educator Heads the National Education Association

WITHIN the past two years, the National Education Association has enrolled an active due-paying membership of eighty thousand teachers, superintendents, and colleagues. Thirty allied organizations which meet in connection with the association have hundreds of thousands in their membership. Next July the association



FRANK BACON

To the portrayal of the character of "Bill Jones," the alcoholically inspired philosopher who displays his talents as a hotel proprietor in the play of "Lightning," of which he is the author, Mr. Bacon brings a human-nature impersonation of the old-school order that endears him to his audience

will again hold its annual meeting in Boston. The old members insist it is like coming home to the source of things.

Miss Charl Ormond Williams of Memphis is president of the Association. She is school superintendent of Shelby County, Tennessee, and the



MISS CHARL ORMOND WILLIAMS
President of the National Education Association,
and a well-known educator

first county superintendent, man or woman, as well as the first Southern woman, to be honored with the presidency of the national body of educators. Other women in the distinguished position heretofore have been the superintendent of Chicago and the state superintendents of Colorado and Washington.

This is not the first national distinction she has won. Miss Williams led to victory the forlorn hope that placed Tennessee thirty-sixth on the roll of states to ratify the eighteenth amendment. That was the winning vote for national woman suffrage. It was one of the most bitterly contested legislative fights in American history. By unanimous vote of both men and women Miss Williams had been made chairman of the committee. She conducted the campaign so masterfully as to win nation-wide appreciation.

An associate of Miss Williams for seven years in her supervisorship of elementary schools in Shelby county, Tennessee, describes the new president of the N. E. A. as "a woman of splendid mental ability, of magnificent physique, of tireless energy and of unbounded enthusiasm for her chosen profession. . . In appearance Miss Williams is a splendid, wholesome woman. At times she is impressive by her queenly bearing and great dignity. Again she is just a big, handsome girl with soft brown hair and eyes deeply blue.

"She is well groomed and well gowned, with all of a fastidious woman's appreciation for perfection in the details of her personal belongings."

Born and reared in the little town of Arlington, twenty-five miles from the city of Memphis, Tennessee, and educated in the Shelby county schools, Miss Williams has gone step by step from her first position in a one-room country school to the highest office within the gift of the American teachers. As a child it is said that she won

every prize ever offered in her school where she was eligible to enter the contest. Miss Williams was an outdoor girl, and her favorite pastime was horseback riding.

When only nineteen she was promoted to the principalship of one of the most important grade schools in the county, and at that was the youngest member of the faculty. She left this position to become a teacher in one of the first high schools of the county, and from that again advanced to be assistant to her sister, Miss Mabel Williams, principal of the Germantown school. Mabel was elected county superintendent and Charl succeeded her as principal. The work of the two sisters in Germantown, in developing school spirit and promoting modern adjuncts to the school system, makes of itself a big story. One of the fruits was a two-story brick building with one of the best auditoriums in the county.

From Germantown Miss Williams went to the West Tennessee state normal school as assistant teacher of mathematics, remaining two and a half years, until the resignation of her sister Mabel as county superintendent. Charl entered the race for the office. In the examination of candidates, covering twenty or more subjects, she scored the highest average that had ever been made for the position. When it came to the election, all the other candidates withdrew, and she was unanimously elected. She has filled the office for seven and a half years, and her present term extends to January, 1923. Consolidation of rural schools, begun some years before she took the office, has been ably carried through. Most of the central school buildings are handsome brick structures, with auditoriums each seating several hundred people, which are used throughout the year as social centers.

Miss Williams' outstanding work has been the organization of the office and supervisory forces and the centralizing of activities around these forces. Through reports of teachers and supervisors, together with regular visits and conferences, there is no phase of work in any school which cannot be studied in the office almost as well as in the school. When a campaign for higher salaries was made, it was a question which worked harder for it, the teachers through their committee or the superintendent and her staff at headquarters. The teachers got what they asked, although it took a tax rise to do it.

Collateral activities of the superintendency of Miss Williams comprised parent-teacher associations, community fairs, club rooms and houses, monthly teachers' meetings, tri-state fair exhibits, oratorical contests, athletic field meets, the boys' agent with his corn and pig clubs, the girls' agent with poultry and garden clubs, and home economic department, negro rural schools, and standardization of teachers along with the salary rise.

Shelby county is the largest shire in Tennessee and its rural schools are unsurpassed in efficiency. Miss Williams receives the largest salary (\$4200) paid any of the three hundred women in state or county superintendency in the United States. She visited Boston in connection with preliminary arrangements for the convention of 1922.

Miss Williams as a traveler has seen most of the United States, including Alaska, and much of Canada and Europe. She is an accomplished musician and a lover of art. Her apartment in Memphis contains many rich and rare souvenirs and its furniture is cabinet-made and exclusive in design.

As the first and only Democratic committee woman from Tennessee, Miss Williams went to San Francisco for the national convention in 1920, where she worked along with others for an educational plank in the platform. Later she worked with the party organization in Washington and New York for a few weeks.

Miss Williams is thoroughly familiar with the workings of the National Educational Association, having filled nearly every office in this body during the past four or five years. While the

school teachers and the women of the United States may well be proud of Charl Ormond Williams as a leader, both men and women can rest assured that she will stand for all that is fair and good for the children and for the teaching profession.

Greatest American Detective Becomes Head of Bureau of Criminal Investigation

THERE is nothing more thrilling to boys than a detective story. In fact, few men are immune.

Some of the most famous public men are known to seek relaxation in "sleuthing thrillers." Detective literature relating the real thing is as stimulating as the most involved fancies of fictionists. Doubtless, the best of imaginary detective narratives is based on actual happenings in the vocation of running down malefactors. On the other hand, some detectives find their science in the study of its mythical professors. Disciples of Sherlock Holmes furnish recruits for the secret service. Probably most of the devotees of Dr. Conan Doyle's hero become amateur detectives—in their own minds. We often meet them.

Give a boy a collection of the experiences of William J. Burns, and he has enthralling reading matter for a summer of fishing trips. That name



WILLIAM J. BURNS
The most famous criminal investigator in America
has accepted an important government post

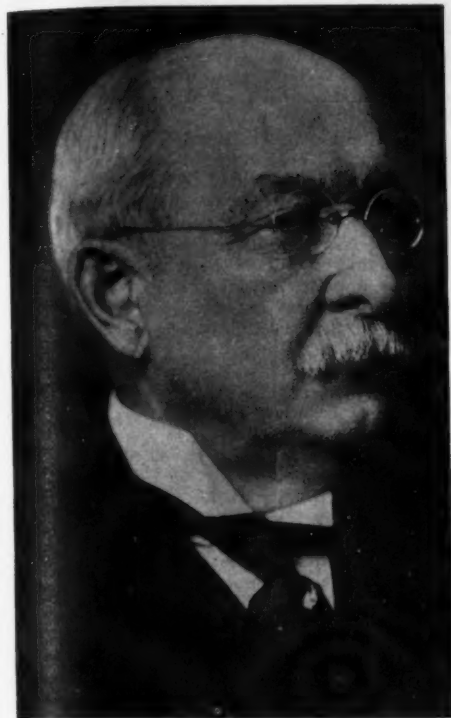
stands at the apex of the detective service, public and private; of the United States. Of world-wide fame, William J. Burns has an inborn genius for ferreting out crime and tracking its authors. He seems to know the workings of a criminal mind and to anticipate what the culprit, under given circumstances, is most likely to do.

Crowning a career of unsurpassed achievement in crime detection on his own account, the title of director of the bureau of criminal investigation of the Department of Justice has been conferred on Mr. Burns. He will receive a salary of \$7,500 a year. His appointment as head of the United States secret service was announced by Attorney General Daugherty on the 18th of August. Both the President and the Attorney General, the latter stated, "have known Mr. Burns for many years and know his dependability and efficiency." Thirty years in fact had Mr. Daugherty known him, as he specified in paying him the following tribute:

"He is familiar with all of the departments of the government, is an intelligent and courageous man, and at this time especially is considered to be as high class a man as could be secured to assume the important duties assigned him."

It was announced further by Mr. Daugherty

that the bureau would be reorganized as expeditiously as possible and brought to the highest point of efficiency. Mr. Burns had severed his connection with the Burns Detective Agency, to make his headquarters in Washington and devote his entire time to the service. "It is the



HON. CARROLL S. PAGE

Senator from Vermont, who has been in public life for more than half a century

policy of this department, well understood by Mr. Burns and highly recommended by him" the Attorney General added, "that the Department of Justice establish the most cordial relations with police officials and law enforcement officers throughout the entire country, and in fact throughout the entire world."

Born in Baltimore on October 19, 1861, William J. Burns was educated in the parochial and public schools and a business college. Before he was nineteen years old, on July 5, 1880, he took the supreme adventure of his life and married Annie M. Ressler of Columbus, Ohio.

He became particularly famous in the San Francisco graft investigation, about twenty years ago, and was rarely ever known to wear the "traditional impressive-looking derby" when he was indoors.

It was distinctly a privilege to spend a Sunday afternoon with this king of detectives. I rode up the Hudson River past the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, where Washington Irving and even Gretchen lay, silent and still. The atmosphere was filled with an indefinable something—a spirit of the Dutch burgomasters, quietude and retreats. The very contrast to which one might expect entrance, if one heard of tales of sleuth, crime, and retribution, lay in this self-same atmosphere.

Up Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, in a sort of isolated leafy retreat, I found William J. Burns on the veranda, clad in his smoking jacket, with a marked air of ease. His hair roached, his air of punctilious attention, his soft, innocent brown and guileless eyes, such a contrast to the traditional "green glittering orbs" of story-book detectives—it made a deep and profound impression on his audience.

He told me how simple it is to follow what seems like a baffling case. At one time he was

"heeling" a ring of counterfeiters into Mexico and back into Texas. He found they were hiding their wares behind the bill-board of "moving-picture producers"—had a wagon, machine, and all the makings necessary for the disguise. He traced them with the help of a penny post-card, written in ciphered message mailed his sister.

"Wm. J." deciphered the message by trying the fourth letter back, and dropped off at a water tank station on the lone prairies of Texas to await his man. He found him preparing to leave by the dawn's early light—but he took one picture he'll never forget, that day. He has a way of getting just a step ahead every time. All the yeggmen seem to know it is time to throw up their hands and cry "surrender" when his hypnotic eyes—those soft gazelle but strangely magnetized eyes, just as good as the barrel of a gun, spot the "bad man."

There was little indeed of the "rough and tumble" about this very neat unobtrusive personage on the front veranda at his home, his grandchildren about him. His powers of description are as vivid as they are entertaining, evidenced whenever he converses, writes or lectures. He is no stranger to the United States Secret Service.

Green Mountain State Picks Men of Mature Age as its Representatives

VERMONT is distinguished by the venerable personnel of its representation in the United States Senate for many years past. Senator Morrill was eighty-eight when he died, and Senator Proctor seventy-seven. Senators Dillingham and Page, who respectively succeeded those eminent statesmen, are both seventy-eight this year, Senator Page being the elder by about eleven months. Each of them served in both houses of the legislature and was governor of the Green Mountain State. Both have been in public life for half a century or more. Senator Page has announced that he will retire at the end of his present term, March 3, 1923, when he will be past eighty. Senator Dillingham will be in his eighty-fourth year at the expiration of his term four years later. They are both faithfully serving their state and the nation in Washington.

Carroll Smalley Page, of Hyde Park, was born at Westfield, Vermont, January 10, 1843. He received an academic education and took the degree of doctor of laws at Norwich University. His chief business has been mercantile, but he is president of two banks in Hyde Park and one in Swanton. Mr. Page was a member of the House of Representatives of Vermont from 1869 to 1872, and of the Senate from 1874 to 1876. For eighteen years he was a member of the Republican state committee, the last four years ending in 1890 its chairman, and was a delegate to the party's national conventions of 1880 and 1912. He was savings bank examiner from 1884 to 1888, and governor of Vermont from 1890 to 1892. His first election to the United States Senate was on October 21, 1908, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Redfield Proctor, and then in 1910 he was elected for a full term. On this occasion, although a Republican, he received the vote of every Democrat in the legislature. He was re-elected by popular ballot in November, 1916, receiving 47,362 votes to 14,956 for his Democratic opponent.

William Paul Dillingham, of Montpelier, was born at Waterbury, Vermont, December 12, 1843. Receiving an academic education, he was admitted to the bar in 1867. He was state's attorney for Washington County two terms, and commissioner of state taxes for several years. Mr. Dillingham was a member of the state House of Representatives in 1876 and 1884, and of the Senate in 1878 and 1880. He was elected to the United States Senate on October 18, 1900, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Justin S. Morrill, and again in 1908, 1914, and 1920, the last two times by popular vote.

The Clearing House of the Thoughts of Business Men of America

AGENCIES for securing the expression of public opinion in its most comprehensive sense, supplementing the traditional function of the press in that regard, are increasing in number and enlarging their individual scope. One of the most important of these developments in recent years is found in the activities of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, with its machinery for feeling the pulse of the American business public, through local chambers of commerce, in every state of the Union.

Does the term "business," however, hold a restrictive meaning which excludes any of the vital elements of American industry and commerce? It certainly will not if and when the views of the president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Joseph H. Defrees, prevail. Nothing more broad-minded, or far-seeing has come from any authoritative source than the following utterance of Mr. Defrees:

"I wonder if really there are sections of the community which, considered basically, can be said not to be business men. It seems to me that all functions of agriculture are necessarily processes of business, that the farmer should be regarded and regard himself as a business man. Is not the laboring man, the man who works with his hands, engaged in a process of business?"



JOSEPH H. DEFREES

President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States

Is he not a necessary element of business? Is he not necessary to business and business necessary to him? It seems to me all must agree that the prosperity of this great country of ours, with our standards of living higher on the average than those of any other country on earth, are the direct product of the processes of production, distribution and the expansion and refinement of the facilities for each. So I say we are in effect all business men, and on the other hand we constitute the public."

Joseph Holton Defrees has the features of a typically solid business man. Broad and high of brow, with gray side fringes of hair, a smooth-shaven face, strong-browed and thoughtful eyes, his aspect is serious almost to austerity. He was born at Goshen, Indiana, April 10, 1858, and was educated at the Northwestern University. Admitted to the Indiana bar in 1880, he removed in 1888 to Chicago, where he has been successively at the head of two law firms. A member of the American Bar Association, he has been president of the Chicago, and vice-president of the Illinois State Bar Association.

Mr. Defrees is president of the Windermere

Company and his home is at the Windermere Hotel. Mr. Defrees belongs to two Washington and six Chicago clubs. For three years he was vice-president of the Civic Federation, and a director of the Chicago Legal Aid Society for two years. Before he became president of the United States Chamber of Commerce he had been its vice-president, elected in 1915, and chairman of its executive committee, elected in 1916. The ideal he has set for this great organization is revealed when he says that "the value of associated effort" on the part of business men "is fast becoming, if it has not already become, one of the most important elements in our national life."

Wisconsin's New Internal Revenue Collector an Active Force for Advancement

NOW and then the public is fortunate enough in securing a public servant that works for work's sake, and achieves for the glory of achieving and accomplishing. Wisconsin has such a man in the Honorable A. H. Wilkinson, recently appointed by President Harding as Internal Revenue Collector for the State of Wisconsin.

Mr. Wilkinson was born in Stewart, Iowa, July 23, 1875. Like so many masterful men of public affairs, he was born and reared on a farm. It was in 1882 that his family migrated to Cumberland, Wisconsin, and a year later Bayfield County received what was to be its foremost citizen.

From early childhood he was impressed with the greatness and productivity of his home state. He realized this when he organized the First National Bank of Bayfield in 1904, of which institution he has always occupied the president's chair. It was in this capacity that he learned more fully of the bitter experiences and hardships of the farmers of northern Wisconsin. Giving his personal services and the energy of his banking institution to the utmost degree, he accomplished much in developing a hitherto unknown country. But the battle was too hard to be successful with only personal energy backing it, so in 1916 Mr. Wilkinson was sent to the state Senate as the champion for a Greater Northern Wisconsin. And a true champion he proved to be. His accomplishments are a matter of record, and it was largely through his influence that northern Wisconsin gained and maintained the prominence it possesses. He rebuilt the Farm Mortgage Association Law, which tends to promote the development of improved and unimproved land. So successful has this piece of legislation become that today it is being considered as the basis for national legislation.

In 1917 he succeeded in creating a Land Clearing Department in the College of Agriculture. This department yielded phenomenal results. It was the only organization of its kind that was able and ready to experiment with the war-surplus of explosives for the benefit of the farmers. So beneficial has it been that today the farmers use millions of pounds of explosives, and are using them in the development of their lands. The use of explosives was also applied to road and ditch building, which is forcing Wisconsin to the uppermost position in good road work.

During his senatorial term, Mr. Wilkinson was chairman of the Finance Committee, and it was during his tenure that all budgets were disposed of by April—a feat never before or since accomplished. It was during his term that the Bonus Bill for Wisconsin's ex-soldiers was passed. Mr. Wilkinson was a tireless and faithful exponent for the state's veterans. As he championed the fight of northern Wisconsin, so did he eagerly champion the cause of the veterans. And he won at a time when other states were dubiously looking on askance. As a result of his fore-sightedness, Wisconsin accomplished something big when the turmoil was on, and when it was not a hardship. Other states have

since fallen in line, but it is proving a task, while Wisconsin's job is about finished.

During the war Mr. Wilkinson acted as chairman of the District Draft Board for the Second Western District, and in this job, as in others, he turned the mark at 100 per cent.

Prior to his election to the Senate, he acted as president of the State Board of Agriculture, which office he maintained until 1914, when the board was dissolved by the legislature. It was in this capacity that he cultivated the idea of making the State Fair a clearing house for northern and southern Wisconsin. There had been a



A. H. WILKINSON

Recently appointed by the President as Internal Revenue Collector for Wisconsin

division line, but his idea materialized and it exists no more. He encouraged the settling of northern Wisconsin by the people from the south of the state, and made it his task to keep them in the state.

At the present time a great deal is being said of the St. Lawrence waterway. Eight years ago an article appeared by Mr. Wilkinson in the *Milwaukee Journal* which showed the advantages of such a course. Mr. Wilkinson wanted it eight years ago, when others were expressing but a passive interest in what is today a burning question.

In the April issue of the *Banker Manufacturer* there appears a modest article written by Mr. Wilkinson, in which he tells of some of the things northern Wisconsin has accomplished, and of some of its enemies. But the fight is still on. Northern Wisconsin, with such a champion, will come into its own.

His recent appointment as Internal Revenue Collector for the state will, most likely, be advantageous to its interests. A fighter clear through, Senator Wilkinson has not forgotten northern Wisconsin, and northern Wisconsin is not forgetting him. A comparatively young man, with boundless energy and integrity, big things may be expected from this banker-statesman-citizen.

Publisher of Popular Magazines Spent His Boyhood Days in Maine

FROM a dim hamlet in the Maine woods, to the bright lights of New York City thirty-nine years ago, a young man destined to fame as one of America's greatest publishers, took his way. He had dreamed of making a fortune, and in less than ten years from that change of scene, it was made, or at least securely founded. An honest ambition, such education as the Maine public schools could give, a natural power of concentration, and a good stock of nerve were his assets.

That young man was Frank Andrew Munsey, the breezy and bustling publisher, whose name is a household word among addicts of the literature of leisure. Owner of several magazines, and of the *New York Sun* and *Herald* and the *Baltimore News*, in his sixties he retains much of the Maine boy flavor. Next to an apparently insatiable appetite for printer's ink pabulum, his dominant weakness is a fondness for red rosy apples. No fruit stand having them will he pass without exploiting.

Frank A. Munsey was born at Mercer, Maine, August 21, 1854. His younger days have already been accounted for. He went to New York in 1882 and started *The Golden Argosy*, a juvenile weekly, which developed into *The Argosy*, an adult magazine. In February, 1889, he launched *Munsey's Weekly*, which in October, 1891, was converted into *Munsey's Magazine*. This periodical made his name famous—not only on its merits as a clean story medium, but through the masterly grasp of publicity methods possessed and practiced by its founder. Munsey was pushed on every news-stand and paraded in the newspapers until it became as common a symbol in the periodical trade as Edison in the electrical industries.

Some years ago he broke into the "great newspaper" game with his purchase of the *New York Sun*, Dana's powerful creation, and the *Baltimore News*, and last year acquired the *New York Herald*, made famous by Bennett the elder and great by Bennett the younger, amalgamating it with the *Sun*. Besides the magazines already mentioned, he owns the *All-Story Weekly*, one of the most popular of railway journey solaces.

Noted Justice Stands Like a Rock Where the Tides of Law and Order Meet

A RESERVOIR of dynamic power, kept in reserve, under control and functioning at the precise moment—of such ground-work is the doughty "unbeatable" Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis of Chicago.

If you were destined to take the "chair" in the Judge's Chambers, pending an interview, you would find he has successfully "turned the tables" and is interviewing you. You acquiesce, peculiarly enough, gracefully to being invited to this game of checkers, and you will not be long in finding out why they put the Judge on the bench he occupies.

There is in him some mystic mechanism, so powerfully magnetic that when he asks a question you invariably find yourself wanting very much to answer him, fully as truthfully as you know how. He has an undefinable faculty of making you talk, even though you, in all the privacy of your mind, know it to be inexpedient or untimely.

He has in his aggressive and powerful personality a quality that comes nearest, and yet just escapes, that classification of hypnotism—more so than any other visible or invisible force. He somehow makes you feel as though he knew just when you "skidded" in the matter of truth. Among the entire unfortunate world who have been hauled into United States Courts for one thing and another, none have felt so keenly the discomfort as those who came under the jurisdiction of Judge Landis and who were inclined to be lenient with themselves in their judgment of "white lies."

The voice of the institution extendeth to the lands; there is

Music For All and From All

New England Conservatory in Boston preserves the ideals rather than the idols of "America Musical!"

By JERRY LORENZ

BY their music ye shall know them!"

It is a proverb that will greet strangers in America, as they are welcomed to this land in the future. It is a phrase that will be uttered many times by men of the Far East, of the far North and South, and all will refer to American music—American talent.

Upon American conservatories of music, as fully as upon scholastic institutions, hinges the fulfillment of the hope of an "America patriotically solid." And when we analyze patriotism, we find its connotation lies in the word "pride." Pride of the land! Pride of an intellectual people! Pride of American ideals! Is this not ever fundamentally in the background, whenever the word "patriotism" is used?

In order to build reason for individual pride (and the sense of the word here does not imply that false pride), we must first furnish ourselves and our land with individual distinctive ideals—ideals and ideas that are indelibly stamped with one word, "American"—ideals that cannot possibly be construed as other than American.

Once these ideals are built and striven for by our people, we will have basis for pride, and thus, simultaneously, we will have established ourselves with other countries as patriots to the core.

We are often called "Musical America," and justly so, for what greater opportunities could possibly exist in a land where the influx of every kind of a countryman is permitted? What better material could we possibly be endowed with than this universal unrestricted foreign talent that comes here to pledge its allegiance to our Stars and Stripes? What a wealth of talent at variance is ours, to nurture, train, develop, and distribute!

Because of its comparative newness, America has hitherto been a reticent reservoir of composers; it has hung on the skirts of a cultured and long-tried Europe, that old country that has acted as criterion for many of our musically talented. Now, however, dawns an era (and the time is ripe), in which an individual America is seen growing out of this pot-pourri of international contributions. Slowly yet surely American composers are being recognized by symphonists. American conservatories are gaining prestige not alone here, but in the eastern hemisphere as well, American methods of teaching music are being inaugurated with success; and as final proof American students become world-recognized virtuosi without having to go to Europe to "finish" as was formerly supposed to be necessary. Their debut is made on an American concert stage, and it is no longer considered a necessity for these students to assume foreign names. That in itself is

a concession on the part of American audiences that should speak for patriotism.

The New England Conservatory in Boston has demonstrated that a musical education is complete and possible on American soil. More than that, that it is conducive to the development of more distinctive musical expression. It has served the purpose of keeping many a promising student here in America during the impressionable years.

Instead of making our music simply an echo of European forms, the musician in America,

that to remain but a shadow in the presence of Europe is to provide for future America a total eclipse of everything that would otherwise prove distinctive. Just so long as we persist in cleaving to Europe's skirts, so long will our individuality be submerged.

An eminent foreigner once remarked that the one thing that impressed him more than even industrial development in this country was the universal ambition of every home-maker to own a piano.

The fostering of this ideal from the early days when Puritan churches put a ban on organs and violins, and were content with the wheeze of sounds emanating from a male or mixed choir, to the present day when in the same locality in which some of these churches had hitherto stood now stands an institution of world-wide repute, is an interesting thing to note.

The New England Conservatory is by far the largest of its kind in the entire world. This fact alone speaks for its kith and kin. Its annual musical output of talent forms an artery of influence that branches off into a thousand different veins, and is felt over the whole country. With vast possibilities for exploitation, no matter what the musical subject, the student derives a training that he or she could not possibly procure elsewhere.

Music is no longer a luxury of life—it is a necessity. It is a stimulant as paramount in importance as is food and drink. As for its importance it would be merely historical repetition to add that not only domestic, but national problems as well, have been affected by musical interpolation, throughout the ages. Just as our bodies crave nourishment, so do our souls crave music. It is a thing rarely apart from life and all that is natural.

It is not only the satisfying of an inward craving to produce and to listen—it enhances as well your own social value to welfare. It is an approach to business, to income, to friendship, to the more serious things of life, and yet it remains the one insatiable thing that is exhaustless, unlimited—food for the highest intellect and the uncultured alike.

Consider music in the abstract. What greater attraction is there for the friendless girl or boy who is able to play and to play well? Its charm has never been known to fail to attract to the instrument, listeners for whom this mode of expression was perhaps a revelation. Countless invaluable friendships have found their birth in this communication of sympathy and thought through the medium of musical rendition.

What countless defeats on the battlefield have been turned into victories ever since the days of Nero, simply by the timely intercalation of a



GEORGE W. CHADWICK

Director of the New England Conservatory of Music

as found in just such institutions as this, has discovered for himself a startling amount of material with which to work. Because music is the art of arts, its future should always be considered first, and apropos of this, it is clearly evident

triumphal march, a hearty gallop! Time and time again we read of the power of music usurping every other power within man. Is it not, then, a profitable luxury?

The construction and development of the Conservatory has been a salvation for the average working-man who has lived too far away from Boston, the musical center of America, to afford lessons for his talented daughter. He is unable to send her to Boston, but he is able to pay a local teacher for her tutorage, and this local teacher is, in all probability, a graduate of the Conservatory. Types such as these workmen run into the thousands.

The New England Conservatory of Music, founded in 1867 by Dr. Eben Tourjee, is not dependent for its recognition and country-wide popularity upon advertising space. Besides being the largest in proportion, it is a school which ranks as one of three or four of the most noted of its kind in the world.

While the faculty for the most part are men and women who have been graduated from this school, there is always entering into the realm of the Conservatoire artists from Europe, who have made names for themselves all over the world. The influx of such talent frees the school from danger of becoming a standardized institution, incapable of delivering itself out of the rut of narrow-minded ideas and prejudices. The great variety of methods that are employed in teaching music make it possible to attract a large percentage of pupils.

Besides instruction in piano, voice, pipe organ and lute instruments, the school curriculum offers instruction in all orchestral instruments. Other departments instruct in languages and the academic branches of music, such as harmony, solfeggio, sight playing, counterpoint, fugue, canon, etc.

This is the Conservatoire where the Peace Jubilee was thought out and rehearsed under the manager, Mr. Tourjee—where Nordica, Homer, Mason, and a hundred other artists and prima donnas of talent and fame studied, plodded, grew discouraged, then encouraged, and finally sallied forth, their futures assured. It is the same Conservatoire where Samuel Smith, the author of our national hymn, felt the inspiration of the rocks and rills of templed hills in New England.

Those responsible for the development of the school have worked hard to build up an atmosphere which, more than the mere routine of instruction itself, would make the pupil feel that they had her individual progress at heart as much as they did the reputation of the school.

Mr. George W. Chadwick, a name eminently associated with everything that spells "music," has been director of the Conservatory since 1897. He is a man staunchly supported by his colleagues, because they have faith in him. As a basic cause underlying this faith is that universal deep-seated interest which he has displayed year after year, not only with regard to school activities, but individually as well, to the faculty and student-body. His enthusiasm is self-sustaining. It is enduring.

Mr. Chadwick's compositions have found favor

not only among the student-body and the laymen, but among symphonists as well. Among his many and various works, his "Treatise on Harmony," a text-book that is now being used in this as well as in other Conservatories, contains matter which will endure for many years.



RALPH L. FLANDERS

General Manager of the New England Conservatory of Music

In 1903 a far-visioned but practical young man was made general manager of the school. He was Ralph L. Flanders, and he is still at this same desk. It was he who foresaw the crying need for teachers to fill the country's schools—a demand more than keeping pace with the swift advancement of art overseas.

It is undoubtedly true that whatever administrative success the Conservatory has had, whatever absence of friction it has enjoyed, Mr. Flanders has accomplished. He is the one man who has kept his machinery well-oiled and in repair each day. At the time of his entrance into the school he submerged himself, so to speak, in specifications and plans that would prove instrumental in drawing to the school more than country-wide attention. His business acumen foresaw mammoth possibilities along the lines of greater percentage in attendance.

It was probably the "keen-edged Yankee" that furnished for him this executive ability—this foresight. At any rate, statistics show that the enrollment from 1903 had increased from 1,900 to 3,000 in three or four years, and has since run as high as 3,600. There has never been a "slump in the market" of student enrollment since 1903.

Mr. Flanders has given help unstintingly, where help was needed and the student was in earnest about preparing herself for a musical future. His generosity was not administered promiscuously, unwisely, but in a way commensurate with the merits and circumstances of the case.

He is directly responsible for the progress of many hundreds of students, girls and boys who were urgently in need of temporary assistance. The endowment fund of the Conservatory has functioned continuously in helping struggling students to get on their feet, to glean enough musical education so that they would be enabled to finish the course by "singing" or "playing" their way through school.

The fact that there is a bi-perennial influx of European students, helps in giving this school a name and reputation that will endure forever.

The standard reputation the institution has earned and acquired, however, was due in part to its perfect willingness to make possible an education for students who were talented but not given the necessary means of prolonging an education.

Every one of the alumni of the Conservatory has been a crusader, not only in expressing its appreciation of the service rendered, by "talking" New England Conservatory to the world at large, but a patriotic crusader as well, a staunch exponent of American music. Isolated towns, cities and hamlets, where the alumni have scattered, have responded and made a pilgrimage to the New England Conservatory years afterward. In nearly every corner of the United States where music is loved and put to use, this school stands out as a beacon light, the fountain-head of American musical education.

Both Mr. Chadwick and Mr. Flanders can suitably be termed "experienced men of the art." This perdurance of service undoubtedly added much toward identifying the New England

Conservatory as a leader of American schools of music. Where tradition has hitherto sent the young artist across the water, there to have attached to him the necessary badge of admission, entitling him to launch concert tours and incidentally causing American schools to suffer, it has now been possible to "finish" at an American school, introducing and fostering American music—upholding America in her progress of art.

A more thorough musical education than that which is obtained at this school of music could not possibly be procured elsewhere. It is a school for layman and genius alike—for those who wish merely to make music an avocation as well as for those who are ambitious to enter into concert life. The facilities which the school enjoys, and these are due to its great size, make it a particularly well-equipped institution for the girl who cannot afford to study abroad. Not only does the Conservatory attract this class, but likewise the girl who is convinced the advantages of studying abroad can number no more than those encountered in studying in Boston.

Consider, for instance, the case of the student taking up the soloist's course. She is trained to perform with a student orchestral accompaniment. The value of this advantage is clearly

evident, and surely far supersedes any other method where practice is held in private. In the latter case, the student goes forth through the portals of a professional world to discover that the lack of practice in conjunction with an entire orchestra has after all greatly minimized her opportunities for immediate and even gradual success.

Poise, carriage, and stage deportment in general—all is training that will mean much to her when she makes her debut in the world. It is all included in her course. The mainstay of musical professional equilibrium, "confidence," is drilled into her year after year by virtue of continuous practice with an orchestra, and when she receives her diploma, she is as self-reliant as a veteran prima donna.

The student orchestra is chosen material, selected from a body of thirty-six hundred students. A fine tooth comb is run through this student body frequently and the wheat, thus separated from the chaff, finds a wide market not only in America, but in other countries as well.

The Conservatory is an experimental station. It makes "lazy-bones" writhe; it makes out of the lukewarm, enthusiasts; it fosters devotion to masters long dead, but whose works will always live. Petty ambitions go through a process of transmutation and become magnified and real. Its precepts leave one with a remarkable ability to concentrate—an analytical mind that is able to build music as it appears before one, in pictures.

The companionship that exists among students at this school does not die a natural death with the exodus of the student on commencement day. It is the germ of a future and lasting friendship that is rarely ever duplicated among students of other educational institutions. Because of the nature of the work, the presiding temperament of the pupils, and the circumstances under which these pupils meet, a loyalty of strange endurance is born. People who meet in adverse circumstances and cast their lot with Dame Fortune and into a common caldron, are much more prone to alliance than if these same people met under more favorable circumstances and were not obliged to struggle through years of close accounting and privations. And you will always find this type of student abounding in a conservatory of music where talent and means do not always go hand in hand.

Close alliance, in fact, is made imperative by the nature of study. The work of a Thoreau would undoubtedly require seclusion in the far-off woods, but in the arts, in music, association with humans is of paramount importance, because it is the most human of all arts, even as the violin is the most human of all musical instruments. It is the contact of mind upon mind that either endangers or engenders the spirit of resolve.

Undeniably it is not a Conservatory for "gold coasters." American girls of the real sterling stuff are enrolled there. Girls who study and stint themselves on many delights that folk of their age crave—girls who are self-reliant and practical as well as artistic, all plod and plug and practise.

The comparative stranger entering the Conservatory would perhaps find himself a little bewildered by the apparent chaos of sound emanating from ninety to one hundred rooms.

"What discord!" he will mutter involuntarily. Discord? Perhaps—but what of it? Is it

When acquaintances begin to flower amid the daily routine of practice, rehearsals and recitals, the student becomes associated with others of like ambitions. Comparisons follow, netting, of course, a spirit of friendly rivalry among them. A dogged persistency of purpose, as it were,

working silently but as surely as a tonic, becomes a self-stimulating incentive. This alone is responsible for the many successes made at the Conservatory.

We often read that "competition is the spice of life." Here it is more; it is the acid of resolve, and enduring, it becomes the bitter-sweet of success. Because there is born of this work so much that is plain drudgery and monotony, is all the more reason that competition should permeate the atmosphere of an institution of this character.

When you are privileged to hear the student orchestra under the magic baton of Director Goodrich, Dean of the Faculty, you become a fascinated listener. The zest of youth that accompanies this assemblage of musicians holds magnetism for even the diffident.

The Conservatory orchestra gives numerous recitals throughout the school year, and annually in Symphony Hall a concert of especial interest is performed. On these perennial occasions the alumni of the school respond to invoke country-wide interest. They are dates always attentively watched.

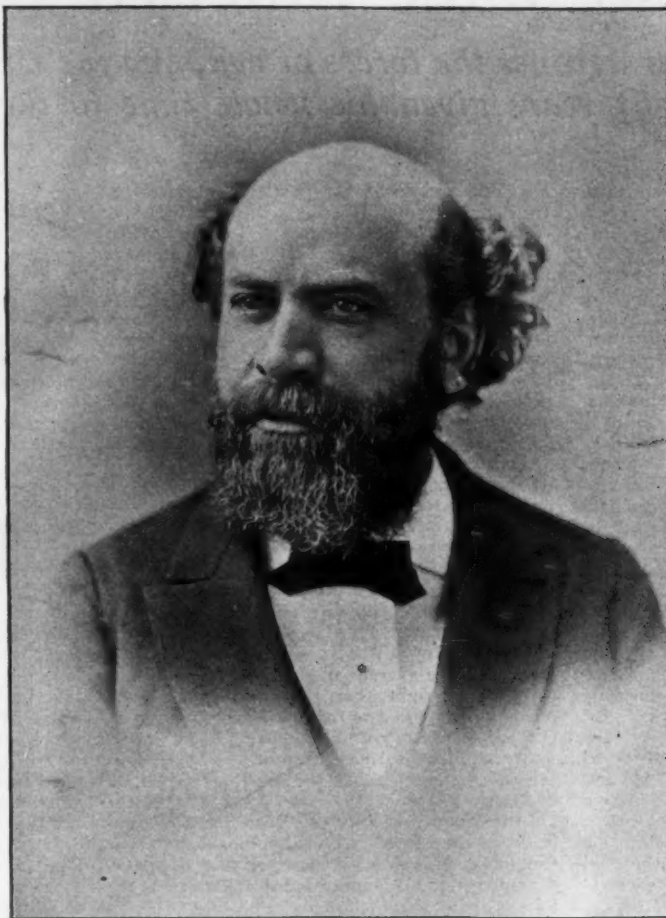
Here, then, runs the gamut! Organists of fame, pianoforte artists, dainty prima donnas, rollicking baritones, divine tenors, heavy artillery basses—they are all here in the making. Some may drift from lofty ambitions that baffle even the imagination, down to unpretentious and dingy concert halls. Others again, who hope for only a small portion of fame and who keep on plodding, may wake up to find themselves on some lofty peak.

The New England Conservatory is playing a greater part in the Americanization of immigrants than any other one institute of education.

The interest it has taken in encouraging foreign-born talent is merely the dawn of a realization following in the wake of wistful hopes on the part of the Italian mother, the German father and perhaps of the Russian uncle. In Russia's sad history is found much of that creative and interpretive force that is racial in its aspiration. Here alone is the Conservatory endowed with a wealth of creative material ready to receive expression and cognizance.

The recent war has proved itself one of the factors in establishing the American School of Music in the minds of the people as clearly meritorious. It has taught us to appreciate more the possibilities of home-product.

This is not said with any intention of speaking disparagingly of European conservatories and studios. Rather, it is a chance thought expressed in the hope that such public opinion will be created in America as will look upon those concert managers and their coterie, who make it imperative that American students cross the water before they take up music professionally here, as swerving in their loyalty to American ideals.

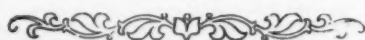


DR. EBEN TOURJEE

Founder of the New England Conservatory of Music

not the deafening noise and seeming confusion—the whirl of big machinery, the apparent incoherency of assembling fruitive parts that turn out your finely-machined metal, your finished product? So it is with music. All this thumping, scraping, screeching and pounding is but the noise from the crucible wherein the student is becoming a thing refined and defined—the artist in a state of development.

With the prospective student, things often go wrong in the beginning, as is the case with all preliminaries. When she is asked to play something for her teacher, she discovers sadly enough that she has no more use for an ego. It takes flight disconcertingly fast. She discovers that the little rural ditties she performed before a non-discriminating audience at home among the hills—ditties that netted her so much unstinted applause, do not quite suit the style of a Conservatory pedagogue. Their rendition brings instead only nervous coughs and frowns. So the first days are days baptized in tears—tears of homesickness and self-aggravation. It is through these tears, however, that a telescope is created and the future focused.



It is now that the world asks of the United States

Who Made America Dry?

As a sane leader against the forces of evil, Wayne B. Wheeler has for more than twenty-eight years given his whole time to the fight for prohibition

THE challenge to citizenship has been made and the answer is not far off!"

It is a challenge that came with the birth of the eighteenth amendment. The man who is as much or more than any other single person, directly responsible for the able leadership bringing prohibition is Wayne B. Wheeler.

Standing in the office of this man one rainy day, I shook hands with a person of "quiet mien" and marvelled over what he had accomplished. Not for long, however. There was a peculiar note of "resolve" about him that banished all perplexity.

The building in which Mr. Wheeler's office is located carries the name of Bliss. It is situated on the rim of the Capitol grounds and the light from the dome reflects into these office windows. Here and in Ohio, for years, Wayne Wheeler, a modern crusader has conducted a campaign that was everything else but indicative of giving bliss or repose for the opposition. He still remains an uncompromising fighter for the principles of prohibition. As you view him on the rostrum or leading in the general councils of the Anti-Saloon League today, he takes on something tangible that indicates he is still in training for even greater battles.

Mr. Wheeler, who has received and earned many degrees, such as A.B., A.M., LL.B., and LL.D., from two colleges, says that a degree counts for little unless you back it up with a life that serves your day and generation. He is the last man who would insist that National Prohibition has come largely through his efforts or the efforts of any one individual. He says it should be credited to the organized efforts of the Anti-Saloon League and other moral forces of the nation; that those who are in a position of leadership in any great battle are usually given more credit than they deserve, and the men in the trenches usually get less than is due them.

When prohibition became a constitutional amendment in 1919, there was no great feeling of exultation in the little room in the Bliss Building. Instead, this man turned to his associates and said:

"Now our real work has begun!"

It was then decreed that prohibition must prove its rights and emphasize the fact that the saloon was as dead as slavery! To reconcile the wide-spread opposition and belief that some time this constitutional amendment might be repealed or nullified became his mission from that very day.

In talking with this "leader of the dries" you will find very little that can be described as radicalism in his make-up. He never allows his enthusiasm to sway him from the practical. His patience has already been evidenced throughout his life's work. When he took charge of the anti-saloon forces he said fervently and often: "Remember the world was not made in a day!"

The important issue now before the people of the United States is, Shall the eighteenth amendment and the laws enacted pursuant thereto be enforced? This is a more vital issue than the question whether or not we shall have a prohibition amendment or a national prohibition act. If the enforcement of this provision of the Constitution fails, orderly government will be weakened

all along the line. As the attorney-general of the United States recently said, the fight for civilization is a fight for law and order. When law and its enforcement fail, the government itself fails. Every personal and property right which a citizen enjoys is dependent upon law and its enforcement. Without it the guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are insecure. The fight for prohibition has been a long hard struggle. It has been prophesied that prohibition will make the United States the greatest nation in the world if it is enforced. Those responsible for securing the eighteenth amendment are now in the midst of a struggle to demonstrate that the law of the land can be made operative and can be enforced.

Wheeler says that after more than twenty-eight years during which he has given his whole time to this fight for prohibition, he has more faith in the integrity and patriotism of public officials than ever before. It soon became apparent after the Anti-Saloon League started this work that the average man in public life would rather vote right than wrong on the liquor question if it was safe for him to do so. It was our job, not only to make it as safe for him to vote right, but to make it much safer. When this was accomplished by the Anti-Saloon League of America, National Prohibition was a certainty.

In the month of July this year, the dauntless leader of the "dries" received an innovation from Congress. It was an unexpected and dramatic demonstration of suppressed but exultant rejoicing about the "Wheeler circle" that prohibition and its enforcement had come at last. The demonstration began with an attack on Mr. Wheeler on the floor of Congress, but it concluded with glowing tributes to the smiling, keen and alert director of anti-saloon forces, that were effective in making a dry America.

It was Representative Hill of Baltimore, a statesman who wears the Croix de Guerre, who opened up a fusillade on the determined, unassuming man in the gallery. This gentleman directed attention to the fact that Wheeler was always there on the ground when there was anything going on. He pointed to the gallery and said:

"Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House: The discussion this afternoon has been very interesting to the author of the bill who sits in the gallery beyond us—Mr. Wheeler!"

This was meant as a way to start an anti-Wheeler demonstration, but the House responded with a round of applause instead. This rather gave the Representative from Baltimore an electric shock. The accused one merely smiled from up in the gallery, but Representative Foster from Ohio, rose to arms, and remarked after another deafening ovation:

"I want to say that I have opposed Mr. Wheeler in lawsuits and in politics, and have known him intimately, and if my friend from Maryland ever achieves the reputation for honesty, ability, and integrity that Wayne B. Wheeler has he will deserve it." (*Congressional Record*, June 27, 1921.)

The editor of the *Ohio State Journal* paid this tribute to Mr. Wheeler as a legislative manager: "He is a courteous, courageous, capable gentle-

man. He can be depended upon in whatever duty he may accept. We have said before that no man ever got into a hot controversy, and maintained his good temper quite so well. No attack was ever made upon him, and a temperance leader has many, but he received it and answered it with a perfectly good temper. We remember once when he was engaged in a hot contest over in the legislature, we went to him for a bit of information, and we expected he would appear with a raging countenance, but, instead of that, he seemed to be just coming from a picnic and lunch of raspberry pie and fried chicken.

Mr. Wheeler is just another personage born in the "state of presidents," Ohio. His birth record reveals the fact he was born in Brookfield, 1869.

Attending the little district school until he was thirteen, he entered high school in Sharon, Pennsylvania, at the same time Secretary of Labor Davis announced the roll call and dodged in as the bell rang.

Mr. Wheeler's way of earning his way through high school was unique. During lunch hour, he would grind sausages in a local butcher shop—which we venture to say, required a good deal of grit and, from all later indications, it developed he knew how to "grind exceedingly fine."

Armed with a teacher's certificate and his health, he began to teach a country school after his high school course at Sharon—a boundless boy of seventeen.

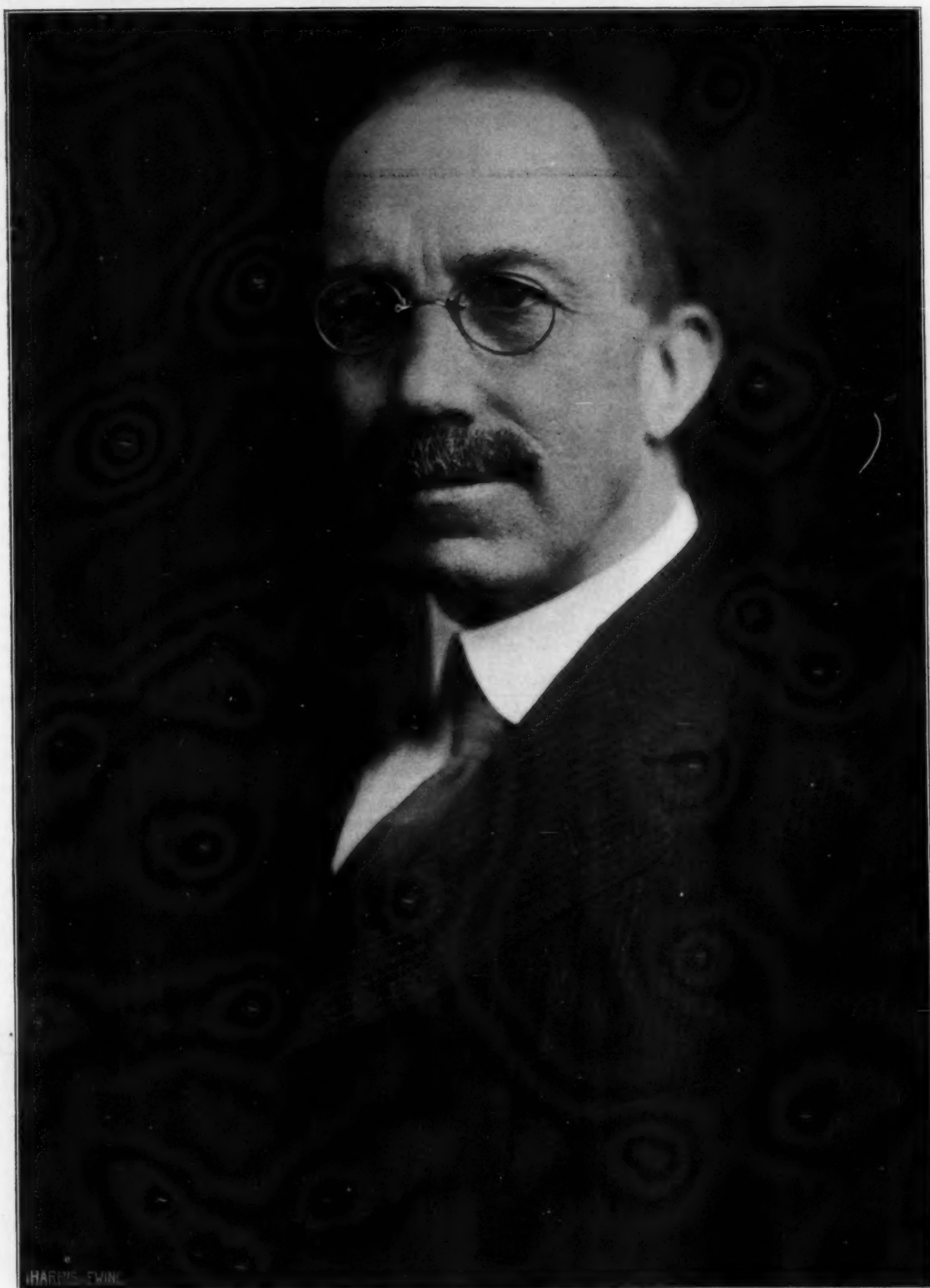
"Here was learned the most important lesson of life—namely, self-control under fire!" Mr. Wheeler interrupts to say, "holding the confidence of pupils and associates and maintaining a smiling exterior, no matter how disturbed inside! Those lessons netted me many times the worth of the time I took to learn them!"

After two years of teaching Mr. Wheeler felt he was master of himself. He professed a juvenile hobby—a hobby that has accompanied him on many travels. He loved to debate. Debating societies and a college education were decided on only after a strenuous little debate with himself and his earning power. He realized he must needs earn every cent to put himself through college. But he did it! Every solitary banknote that paid his tuition through Oberlin College for six years, was earned! And in '94, he was graduated with honors at school and with money at the bank.

With this new enrollment of Wayne Wheeler into college, came a series of new abilities possessed by the versatile "self-made man." He put on the janitor's jumpers and stoked in the basement of a college building; he sold books in summer; he gave prohibition lectures in winter and in spring when everyone did housecleaning, he took a chance with the fates and house-wives as a rug salesman.

To his college mates, he was always known as "a locomotive on legs!"

His boundless physical and mental energy always generated enthusiasm. From his roommate, P. G. Knowlton, the late dean of Fargo College, he drew much comfort, when clouds were thickest overhead. His tribute to one professor, Dr. Henry Churchill King, now president of Oberlin College was one indeed worthy



WAYNE B. WHEELER
Head of the Legal Department for the Anti-Saloon League of America

of the man. Mr. Wheeler gives President King credit for having established in him early in life, those principles which later dominated his essential work and that contributed greatly to a steadfastness of purpose. President King urged his boys to "cultivate doing one's best and living continually in the presence of one's highest ideals, so that the doing became natural and easy!"

Out of this, Wayne Wheeler has adopted a thought for "keeps" that is probably the most beneficial asset in his work. He believes that great progress does not come in great strides; it arrives slowly, even subtly. The forces of Nature are quiet, unassuming, almost invisible. There is nothing to the idea of "waiting for the great moment to arrive!" Great moments have never swooped down upon a man and made

pose a "political boss" who pronounced his opposition to temperance.

At first everyone laughed at the suggestion young Wheeler made of using his own personal influence in the district to help to defeat a well-entrenched political leader. He had the pluck to start. Also he had a bicycle that has since gone into renown. With his wheel he covered three counties. When the returns were counted, the next day, people from everywhere asked in amazement:

"Who defeated John Locke?"

The answer came back, "Wheeler and his wheel!"

It is not a story John Locke himself loved to tell!

Mr. Wheeler has a remarkable record in that he has never lost a single case involving the constitutionality of a prohibition law argued before the Federal, District, or United States Supreme Court. He has prosecuted to a successful issue more than two thousand cases against the liquor interests in the Federal, State and United States Supreme Courts, which is also a record unsurpassed by any other lawyer.

In the famous Webb-Kenyon interstate shipment case, Mr. Wheeler fought through the lower Federal, State and the United States Supreme courts. President Taft vetoed the bill on the ground of unconstitutionality, but Congress passed it over the President's veto. As it transpired, however, the case was

fought with despair and lost by the wets, and the day following the decision of the United States Supreme Court the prohibition bill in the District of Columbia was passed. The little man from Oberlin was not far away during all the time this bill was under consideration—"across the way"—at the Capitol.

Often sneeringly referred to as "the \$50,000 attorney of the Drys," he discovered early that he had enough enemies to keep him company for a long time. Even the "wettest" and bitterest of his opponents do not hesitate to pay tribute to his ability as one of the leaders whose work resulted in the enactment of the eighteenth amendment.

At the last hearing to repeal War Prohibition before the House Committee, December 13, 1919, Mr. Kernan of New York, speaking for the wets, said: "If the wets had had the brains to have secured the brains of Wayne B. Wheeler, they would not be in the fix they are today."

"Wayne B. Wheeler is still eloquently telling Congress what to do. I don't know what Mr. Wheeler's salary is (though I'll wager it's not any mere Congressional stipend), but whatever it is he earns it for the fanatics." (New York Morning Telegraph, August 30, 1921.)

From the very beginning, Wayne Wheeler believed first in his cause and then in himself; it was a conviction not born of conceit, but rather of a fair and broad-minded knowledge concerning the evolution of things and people. No man ever went through a hotter fight. He discovered a long time ago that success is but an awkward simile for "hard work."

He knows what twelve-hour day shifts mean, and he will tell you that along with twelve-hour day shifts, if one is not equipped by Nature with a stock of ever-present good-nature, that one's purpose is killed in the very beginning. He

smiled when he said, "My insistent good nature has been my salvation."

Mr. Wheeler although always as serene as summer clouds, has never had an inclination to sit up there amongst them. He has always been down here with the rest of us imperfect mortals, striving to make the earth as inhabitable a place as one man could do.

During his senior year at Oberlin College, young Wayne Wheeler made up his mind to devote his life to the work of abolishing the saloon. He served in nearly every capacity in this long crusade, from secretary of a temperance society to directing force of the Anti-Saloon League as its general counsel and legislative superintendent. His promotion, step by step, came purely because he obtained desired results.

The first year of the partial enforcement of national prohibition, with all its handicaps, surpassed even the most sanguine expectations of his advocates. It has resolved itself into a sober economic conclusion of the people that the saloon must never come back.

An English leader has observed:

"The United States grasped this opportunity of insuring prohibition at a most psychological moment, following in the wake of war-times."

The marked contrast of conditions in England and Wales, where drunkenness is increasing sixty-five per cent, to conditions that exist in America, where many jails and reformatories have closed their doors because there were not enough inmates to justify their continuance, is indeed significant. And prohibition here is responsible for an influence that is not confined alone to the United States. It has reached Europe and even now exists all over the British Empire. Conspicuous interest is being displayed on the part of these people as to what difference the enforcement of prohibition has made over here. There is a resolve among a band of Australian business men, which includes several members of Parliament, who have organized for the sake of spending a year in the United States and Canada in an effort to determine what effect prohibition has had upon business efficiency.

At any rate, there will never be a cowardly surrender to the criminal and lawless assertion that the nation should not enforce its laws. Not alone in America has there been vigorous and steady opposition to this amendment, needless to say, but the foreign press as well has been active in the onslaught.

Pamphlets containing spurious matter have swept the country ever since July 12, 1919. These have protested violently against prohibition. Their denouncers have attempted in every conceivable way, fair and otherwise, to effect a repeal. The program to repeal the Volstead act and allow each state to enact its own prohibition laws was only one attempt on the part of these "anti-pros." It is very evident to the sensible layman that such a procedure would leave the country just where it was before prohibition, and it is plainly nothing more than an insidious but unconscious attempt on the part of some to undermine constitutional government.

All the filibustering on the beer bill, the quips that fly up and down the land, the ribald jests on prohibition that still draw huge audiences—all these only make stronger the belief in the cause.

If the eighteenth amendment is not sustained and law enforced, orderly government will be weakened at every point. Vigilance is as much the price of liberty as it ever was, and liberty is law. But no law is self-operative, but it is already proved that the cost of enforcement has more than covered any fines and forfeitures collected.

The eighteenth amendment was put into construction through regular and orderly processes of government, and only opposed by a lawless trade which had its first outbreak in Shay's Whisky Rebellion in 1794.

Of the marked change in our country since the event of prohibition a little has already been said.



A saloon, most of its furnishings intact, which has been transformed into a book store

him famous. Fame has been reached through channels of concentrating many long moments, in some cases the process of change being so irksome as to wipe away at the crucial moment, all traces of the joy of victory.

It was at Peter's Hall, Oberlin, up three flights into an attic room (Wheeler's lodgings) that Dr. Russell, the founder of the Anti-Saloon League found this young leader. His visitor had inquired from teachers who the man was and where he lived. Knocking at the door, he heard a cheery "come in!" in response. Dr. Russell here tells of the interview.

This was the beginning of a strong friendship which has continued through the years. Mr. Wheeler and Dr. Russell have been in the League service longer than any of its thousand employees now connected with it.

"I introduced myself and told him of my work," he said. "I told him of the serious handicaps and obstacles he must be prepared to meet; of the only hazardous prospect of a modest salary."

It was an opportunity to which Wayne instantly hinged enthusiasm. His spontaneous "I am going in with you!" was more or less of a war-cry. Then and there began the fight!

Immediately after his graduation, this new recruit to the Anti-Saloon League began as a district worker at the League, serving in this capacity for three years. He began an attendance at the Western Reserve Law School, from which he was graduated in 1898, and legal training was the cap-sheaf. He then started his life work in drafting more temperance bills and defending more prohibition laws in the court room than any other man in the history of a movement.

He published a volume in full, giving all of the laws concerning liquor of all the States in the Union. His first great victory in political work came in 1895, when the League decided to op-

There is much more, however, that will appeal to America's common sense as sufficient proof that the eighteenth amendment has accomplished miracles.

We still see evidence of a "population slightly unsteady" in the streets and street-cars of the United States, but the diminution of their numbers is just as fully conspicuous.

Surely the Anti-Saloon League and whoever else has been responsible for prohibition have every reason to feel their labors of so many years have borne fruit among the American people, for imbibition that has remained with the world for centuries, more or less a strong habit, nay a tradition, is not a thing that can be plucked by the roots and dispensed with in a moment. In fact, and as all will admit, a "habit is easier to get into than it is to get out of."

The mission of the League just now is to make people want to get along without alcoholic beverages. Once this is accomplished, they may rest assured their work is well done.

There is no good done in prophesying the benefits that will come to mankind following prohibition and the execution of its laws. They are so obvious and follow directly and immediately in the path of its enforcement, that we have not need of anticipations made public on foolscap. What cannot be too strongly emphasized however, is the influence prohibition exerts over the home. We have always heard that the home is the builder of people, and of nations. Men and women who have done the most good at home and abroad have not emanated from homes where debauchery, automatized by imbibitory habits held sway, or even existed periodically. A contradiction, it is clear, would be only a paradox!

One secretary of a labor union in New Jersey insists that outside of the Declaration of Independence, prohibition was the best thing that had happened in this country.

The report of Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army for the first year of itself, has indicated that prohibition has supplemented the work of the Salvation Army more than any other one thing in the history of the organization. It has at least given them the opportunity of caring for the unfortunate down-and-outers, propelled to the gutter by the institution of the saloon. The figures given in this connection are really astounding.

The laborer's verdict on prohibition is likewise illuminating. A poll taken in every state of the Union indicates an overwhelming result of 345 against 143, that prohibition is a positive benefit to the working man. Strange to say, many of these unions containing foreigners maintain that

prohibition is the biggest blessing that has yet come to the working people.

We are facing a dangerous crime-wave just now, but these criminal activities were in evidence long before the composition of the prohibition bill. They may be an outgrowth of the war



The face at the window overlooking the Capitol

spirit. America will never admit that any class with criminal or outlaw instincts can control the nation. In this lies the hope of leaders such as Wayne Wheeler proved himself to be.

Liquor was on hand when the amendment went into effect. Statistics show that two billion gallons less of malt liquor were brewed the first year of prohibition, and over one hundred and sixty million fewer gallons of distilled liquor made in the United States of America. It means that we have saved on one billion dollars directly, and one billion dollars indirectly, in doing away with the waste of liquor.

This is one of the many equations revealed in results that will not be forgotten in these times.

The chief trouble which prohibition leaders have been made to face, came from the haunts of profiteering bootleggers, who flagrantly violate the law, irregardless of much pressure placed upon them. Efficient men on duty will enforce the law and check these bootleggers as well as parlor Bolsheviks, and the high-brow advocates of license. Prohibition is not nullification.

Lord Macaulay's prediction that the civilization of the United States would be destroyed by lawlessness engendered by her institutions, is a warning that must be regarded. The French Revolution should serve as a lesson. Unless the rulers and officers turn to duty from personal pleasure, self-ease, and even in some cases open vice, they will have invited a day of judgment.

The passage of the anti-beer bill by Congress on November 18 represents one more victory for prohibition enforcement legislation. Wheeler was the storm center in this fight which began early in the year. It was heralded in the press at one time that there was a split in the dry ranks over this bill, but Wheeler met the criticism with new facts and arguments, and all of the essential features of the original bill were adopted. It was a personal victory as well as an important one for the great organization of which he is the general counsel and legislative superintendent.

Before the Senate Committee Judiciary, Mr. Wheeler presented reasons, precedents, and authorities for the enactment of the supplemental law enforcement legislation now impending, to make national prohibition enforceable. It was an inspiring document, indicating that this man is still master of the situation.

He made the original draft of the national prohibition law, defended it before the courts and committees in Congress. The Judiciary Committee and the Supreme Court decided all of the eleven contested points in complete accord with his plans and views; this law practically pulled the fangs of the rum-dragon and met the challenge "Will it work?"

The merry fight will continue for some time to come. Education takes time and money, but the result is assured. The moral sense of America can be trusted with the ballot fortified with the alliance of American womanhood. The phalanx of "Drys" with leaders like Wayne B. Wheeler will be sure to continue getting results.

When I returned to the office of Wayne B. Wheeler later, it was no longer a rainy day. The sun was shining on a glorious autumnal world, rivalling the cheery smile of the forceful, successful, and industrious prohibition leader in the Bliss Building.

Prohibition was working—so was he.



Prohibition enforcement was no joke to the owners of this wine—ten 3,310-gallon tanks of it—which was used to spray a Los Angeles street

HEART THROBS AND THRILLS



HAPPY is the man who finds a thrill in an occurrence humble and even trivial. He is bound to enjoy all of the world's vast wealth.

We quote a letter, assigned to this department, from Mr. William Parish, of Woodlawn, Pennsylvania, who writes that his thrill came with the attendance at services in an Episcopal cathedral, when a well-known bishop of that church delivered an oration. The account reads as follows:

"The thrill that dwells in my memory most profoundly occurred while I was listening to an oration by an eminent European churchman who recently visited our country. The bishop's entire appearance resembled so much that of a prophet of Biblical times that his deep, unfathomable eyes, his deep, even voice made a lasting impression on me. He seemed to me a venerable sage borrowed from some ancient times and transported to our modern practical world for the instant. I felt as though he were the connecting link between the known and the unknown.

"For a moment, while he spoke, as though a voice from heaven were pronouncing a benediction upon us, I was aware of a hitherto foreign sensation—I could feel that indescribable fulfillment of an undefined hope surge through me. It was a feeling that somehow resembled the gratification of an impossible desire, the yearning of a soul. I can never forget that moment, for I feel sure that he was, in truth, a disciple sent by God to re-awaken in mankind, such as I represent, the fountains of everlasting hope."

A SCREENLAND FAVORITE'S THRILLS

It was no less a person than the ubiquitous "Doug" Fairbanks who responded to the thrill editor's request.

"The greatest thrill of my life was when I realized that I had won the heart of Mary Pickford and had gained the distinction of being known as 'Mr. Mary Pickford.'

"In playing for the screen, I just have to portray thrills all of the time. It is very astonishing, however, that on the silver sheet some of those thrills are only placid occurrences in reality. But, after all," he said, "my great thrill was my Mary!"

THRILLING RACE TO WIN A HOME

On September 16, 1893, at the opening for settlement by government proclamation of the Cherokee Outlet, now the state of Oklahoma, I had an experience to remember as the greatest thrill of my life.

This part of the West was then a strip of land called Indian Territory, containing approximately 6,361,135 acres of fertile prairie sod. My home was located in Stillwater. I was the possessor of a very fine chestnut sorrel driving horse named "Old Ben."

At the opening there was to have been a horse-race, the winner of which was to be presented with a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of this land. Thirty days before the opening I began fitting my horse for the track, riding him every morning and evening, jumping

ditches, fences, and what not. He was well trained when the big day arrived.

I was to go on the track with an ex-cowboy of that region, "Billy" by name. We registered as transients at the home of a farmer named Davis, who lived in the eastern part of Oklahoma proper, a few miles south of the line of action. This farmer owned a little bay cowhorse called "Jip." "Billy" was to ride "Jip." Mr. Davis told me if I had a horse that could trot with "Jip," I could bring him on. I brought on "Old Ben," and it was settled; Billy and I were to drive "Jip" and "Old Ben."

The thrill I encountered took place when we had fairly started on our run. The ground over which we raced was uneven, broken, and punctured with wide holes. We had a lively time hurdling some of the wider ones, and once or twice we were even in danger of tipping over into unsympathetic mud. On the entire stretch we passed, re-passed, and were passed by a number of like contestants. Finally on the last lap I spoke knowingly to "Old Ben," and Billy did likewise with "Jip." Our horses responded like fire kindled, and we made the run, the reputation, and the claim.

That night Billy and I camped on our new claim and said many flattering things to our horses' faces. The thrill evoked encompassed an entire afternoon, until late into the night. My horse had won for me a new home!

THRILL OF A GREAT MELODY

A Canadian lad writes us as follows:

"The greatest thrill I have yet experienced came, I think, one day two summers ago. I was attending an afternoon performance of the Community Chautauqua, and among the performers was a twelve-year-old boy violinist.

"He had played through several numbers, familiar and otherwise, when suddenly he swung into an air which I felt sure I had heard before. I could not place the occasion or the tune, however. There was something so inspiring about it, as it flowed from the violin, more like boy stuff. I carried fragments of the melody with me, determined to learn its name and hear it again.

"I learned later that it was Dvorak's 'Humoresque,' and, although I have heard it of tinsence, I cannot forget the feeling it gave me on that particular occasion. Still less can I describe that feeling in words; there are none intense enough!"

THRILL ON A RAILROAD BRIDGE

Two railroad trestle bridges and a romance read in English class at school when I was a girl of fourteen, figured in this thrill, likewise a boy for whom I entertained a great liking. Deciding to put to a test his native courage and Southern chivalry, I led him on to this trestle upon coming home from school one night. We had been strictly forbidden to "walk the ties." Nevertheless I disobeyed.

Before we reached the end of the trestle the train appeared and was coming on at a terrific speed. I stepped on the outer edge of the bridge which provided just enough standing

room for a small person. My companions tore off "lickety-split." Only the little boy remained. He also flattened himself out beside the iron structure. Probably I was not thinking at that moment of his chivalry or non-chivalry, and in all possibility I did not even realize my danger, so intent was I upon getting the "thrill" out of the experience.

At any rate, after the train had thundered by, I looked about and discovered my faith in the little boy had not had cause to be erased. Far off I saw my companions, who told me hysterically they hardly expected to see more than mere masses of flesh and bone of me. I myself was doubtful of it until I felt of myself.

THRILL OF A WOULD-BE POET

Normal young boys often do abnormal things.

The "light" did not come until one day when I saw printed in one of our daily papers a bit of sentimental verse. That was the very thing! I had wanted to "spout" poetry. Having absolutely no consideration for the feelings of the contributors of our daily news-sheet, I proceeded to "get it out of my system" by mailing a long white envelope (furtively, if you please) to the editor of that local.

I was fourteen at the time and felt very important, yet apprehensive, after I did it. I spent a distressful night. One minute I hoped the poem would be donated to the waste-basket, and in another I prayed it would receive kindness at the hands of the blue pencil chief. By morning I was a little shaken.

At the breakfast table father took up the morning paper as was his wont, to scan first the front page. He caught sight of something extraordinary, a bit of verse printed directly below the date of the paper. No, I had not added my name, so that my identity was safe. I never did disclose the perpetrator of that crime to a soul until many years afterward, when I had occasion to meet personally the editor.

When I told him what I had done—that I had done it—he chuckled quietly and said:

"I did have an idea it was written by some ultra-sentimental schoolboy or girl, and I have read better poetry since, but I was fourteen once myself!"

THRILL OF MUSIC TOUCHING THE SOUL

George M. Caldwell, president of the Sperry and Hutchinson Trading Stamp, admits having had a thrill early in life that is common to all music-lovers.

"The thing that thrilled me most was to hear a band play. As a boy I walked twenty miles in Michigan, on one occasion, to hear a chorus sing a cantata, and decided that that is what heaven is like—the celestial voices that transform one into some metaphysical state, totally oblivious to material pains and aches."

This coming from the hard, flinty-willed, sound business man that Mr. Caldwell is, speaks eloquently. After all, there are none of us totally impervious to the "higher soul" in us. There are some who sense it, but will not admit it. All of us experience it, at some time in our lives.

Continued on page 376

Constitutional privileges in uniform

Citizen Rights of Soldiers

Samuel T. Ansell, lawyer and soldier, formerly Brigadier General and Acting Judge Advocate General, United States Army; now of the Washington law firm of Ansell & Bailey. Supported by his partner and other able lawyers from civil life, he fought and won the fight for the rights of the common soldier

THE world is passing through the postern of militarism to "citizenism." It is a world reverting back to the time when the rifle was brought out and cleaned, only when the enemy was in plain view. We are gradually growing that sort of people in our land who will applaud the cloth button as enthusiastically as they have admired the brass button. It is a world arriving at the stage where in times of war only, will we seek preparedness, and in times of peace we will honor and respect our brethren as citizens—ready, mind you, to give up their lives for a cause, for their country.

Not only is this placing a globe on the "honor system," it is breaking up caste. A world that is "a world safe for democracy" does not segregate from its circles the military man and place him in an enclosure by himself. Such a world instead makes soldier-citizens of us all—not citizen-soldiers.

There is another phase to the story. By acquiring the "rights of a soldier," the army and navy man has been forced to relinquish his rights as a citizen. He has been made to choose between these two separate rights. He was given no alternative other than accepting the one and losing the other, or *vice versa*.

The earliest and one of the most insistent advocates who took up the bludgeon of justice and sought to establish the principle of giving to soldiers also their citizen rights, was Brigadier General Samuel Tilden Ansell, now senior member of the well-known Washington law firm of Ansell and Bailey. He was the man who fought for sixteen years so that the soldier might not be deprived of his constitutional rights as a citizen. He fought, not because he was supported in his campaign—not because he derived any thanks out of the job of bringing to the surface opposition from men whose displeasure would have intimidated a less courageous fighter, but because General Ansell believed in the principle for which he was fighting.

Even at the very moment when the world was surcharged with similar ideals, General Ansell had before him in his busy office a pile of papers measuring a foot high, evidence in a case which involved a matter of great moment. He was attempting to explain to himself, as the necessary basis of a rightful solution, why two certain apparently honest men, who figured in this case, were disagreeing because of personal feelings. It was the difficulty of a world condition reduced to a conflict between individuals. This evidence—these thousand pages—represented an armament of expensive litigation, nothing more. And General Ansell was the arbitrator in this case.

It is but a prosaic fact to state that General Ansell's one hobby in life is "citizenship"—citizenship more in its spiritual meaning, embodiment of home culture and influence and of constitutional right and duty. To help maintain these essentials is his life objective. It is this objective that is intimately suggested by the pictures of his wife and children placed on his desk in his Washington office, through which can be traced the thought of "home." It is this objective that caused him to forfeit the favor of some of his superiors and fight successfully to citizenize the army—the thing in which he

believed and which he believed every citizen and soldier when fully informed must also believe.

General Ansell, of sturdy English ancestry, was born in the country in northeastern North Carolina, forty-seven years ago. To his father's house came Ezekiel Gilman, one of the most learned men that section has ever known. He it was who taught Samuel Tilden Ansell and his father, and it is to this scholar of deed, as well as of thought, that the General owes a debt of great gratitude. Exclusive of his West Point military training and his preparation in the law, all of his education passed through the lips and hands of this noble character and family friend.

Ezekiel Gilman graduated with the class of 1839 at Harvard. Coming to North Carolina in 1845, he became a member of the Ansell family. A man born in New England, he never returned to his native land once he wandered down to the congenial South. He died in 1908. General Ansell entertains the highest regard and deepest feelings for this man.

"He was not only a man, he was an institution!" so his pupil paid tribute to his memory when recently addressing a Harvard club.

The General was given an appointment at West Point in 1895 from the first Congressional district of North Carolina. He arrived immersed in classics, but with little knowledge of mathematics and the sciences. Graduating in 1899, he was sent to the Philippine Islands, where, still a mere boy, he successfully commanded a company of one hundred and eighty-seven men, fought those terrible battles of the insurrection, and returned to America, only to receive a much coveted assignment to duty at his *Alma Mater* as an instructor in Constitutional and International Law. As an instructor twenty odd years ago he was known and admired by every West Point man. The qualities that mark him now marked him then. He was conceded to be a man of great intellectual power and independence, noted for thoroughness of understanding and attractiveness of forceful presentation. A distinguished general officer of the World War recently took occasion to declare of him: "I have known no man who on his feet could muster greater power."

Of his early views, few can afford to pass unnoted—they were of paramount importance, for all of them had a direct bearing on the stand which he was later to assume with such a marked

show of independence of spirit. Even as an instructor at West Point he insisted that the army that represents the United States must be a United States Army; a constitutional army, a citizen army, not merely a mass of professional soldiers segregated from the civil community. In order to have this, our system of military law must be modified and re-arranged. He more recently said: "A revolution of this kind could not be effected by additional hard and



GENERAL SAMUEL T. ANSELL

fast military rules or adjuncts. In the early days, people had no clear idea of the army as an institution nor of its real relationship to the people. When a citizen was needed for war he had to forswear all his inherent rights of citizenship."

The famous Grafton case which came up in 1905—the case of a soldier who had been tried twice on one identical charge—saw General Ansell ready to assail those who vouchsafed that a court-martial was not a court of law governed by and amenable to the law. True,

the War Department did not permit him to defend the case—probably it knew already of his strong belief in a soldier's rights—but he persisted in voicing his doctrines. He fought for the case outside of the court-room, and today the principle for which he fought is accepted by all departments of government, including the Department of War. Military autocracy is curbed.

In 1912 Congress passed a special Act in order to provide for this officer a higher grade, there being no vacancy. In 1913 he was appointed general counsel for the governments of

decision. Four hundred lawyers constituted his retinue of assistants.

Shortly after the armistice he was awarded by the President, under an Act of Congress, the highest honor that can be bestowed upon a man in the army for service off the field of battle—the Distinguished Service Medal. He was among the first four or five in the army to receive it. The citation in awarding that distinction recites that it was given to him "as Acting Judge Advocate General of the Army, whose broad and constructive interpretation of law and regulations have greatly facilitated the conduct of the war and military administration."

But notwithstanding his duties as counsel concerned in the conduct of the business of the war, his prime consideration was ever for the human side. Speaking of his incumbency in the office of Judge Advocate General during the war, General Ansell recently said:

"Here we found it necessary to re-accentuate the idea of regarding the soldier as not having forsaken his rights as a citizen upon enlistment or draft, but as having those rights held in abeyance only to the degree required to make him an effective soldier. To obliterate the thought that an American soldier was but a military pawn was part of our legal mission.

"Throughout the war we fought for and obtained, with the help of that principle, something of the soldier's due. We accentuated the fact that the soldier was nevertheless a citizen. We insisted that he be governed by law and not by the arbitrary will of military command. We gave him what he had never before received. We established administratively, within the office of the Judge Advocate General and in opposition to the military hierarchy, a Court of Review, which went far toward subjecting the arbitrary powers of courts-martial to some regard for legal and equitable principles.

The war being over, military tendencies re-asserted themselves. The administrative measures that had been taken for the establishment of the soldier's fundamental rights were about to be administratively destroyed. This officer was afforded an opportunity to voice his protest when he was subpoenaed by Senator Chamberlain to appear before the Senate Committee upon Military Affairs and asked his views concerning the administration of the law in the War Department during the war. This mandatory summons was turned into a most ardent declaration in defense of the rights of soldiers upon the part of this lawyer which the members of that committee are not likely to forget, and which, despite the opposition of the Administration, finally bore

fruit in the Army Act of June 4, 1920. This was his last service in the army.

In the following July he hung out his shingle with Edward S. Bailey, an experienced practitioner who served as a colonel during the war. He never ceased to labor for the enactment of laws requiring military administration to recognize fundamental legal principles in its dealings with citizens and soldiers. At his own time and expense he appeared time after time before the committees on military affairs and the various bar associations of the country, and it was due to him, his energy, his forceful presentation, that Congress liberalized along the lines laid down by him the entire military law. He is reported to have said that he received the profoundest thrill of his life when Senator Chamberlain telephoned to him in his office that Congress had at last accepted that for which he had contended for sixteen years.

He has the distinction of being the most eminent lawyer that ever came direct from the ranks of the Army. His experience in large affairs dealing so exclusively with legal matters made him fit into his office and into his practice the moment his books were on the shelves. As a plain and successful practitioner, with a congenial and able partner, he is happily engaged in the general practice of his profession. He is forceful, direct, and not given to over-specialization. When recently asked what was his specialty he said: "Outside of the patent field, lawyers in Washington cannot specialize. The man who professes to be a legal specialist here is not apt to be a lawyer."

A brother lawyer said of him that he knows all there is about the law of government contracts.

His firm is also largely engaged in all government business, including adjustment of taxes. It is said of it that it neither fawns nor bluffs, and that in no instance of court action so far has it failed to vindicate the rights claimed for a client before any department.

The career of this General is pertinent and suggestive to young lawyers of today, so far as the importance of adopting some noble purpose, some worthy principle is concerned, and making of it phenomena that will persist, and what persists will endure. Endurance of an ideal is success' passport. With this lawyer it was not only his selective power that won him the crystallization of a dream—it was the faith pinned to his ideal, the courage with which he braved petty minds.

There is surely an analogy between the military and the legal training in its exactness and conciseness—in its limitation of rhetoric and non-essentials. This is attuned even to the principle for which a war itself, in the last analysis, was fought to abolish militarism in all its obnoxious limitations of a free man under the law and constitution of his country.

Now the doughboy is beginning to understand for what purpose he went off to the trenches, to lose a hand, a leg, his permanent health. Clarified in the light of recent events, it is clear to him, undisputably clear. The recent war involved as much the rights of a soldier as it did the salvation of a nation.

The influence of the establishment of this principle is not alone confined to the boundaries of America. As the United States led in the promulgation of the Limitation of Armament leading towards Disarmament, so will this idea make its influence felt in the Orient, where only too strongly caste hinders the liberty of citizens. This act will obliterate entirely the supposition that the rights of the soldier stand in contradiction to the rights of the citizen.



COLONEL EDWARD S. BAILEY

the Philippines and Porto Rico before all courts of the United States, and was also assigned as counsel for the War Department in all of its civil relations. He had a high "batting average" in winning cases before the Federal courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States, which he has always modestly called "luck."

When we entered the war, General Ansell (then Major and Judge Advocate) was assigned as Acting Judge Advocate General of the army, with the rank of brigadier general. Being a junior law officer, this great promotion as the head of his corps came to him unsolicited and unlooked for. In the performance of the duties of this assignment throughout the war, he signed his acquiescence to legal work of greater moment and character than perhaps any other law officer in the entire world has ever been called upon to do. He was the attorney for the armies of the United States. Thousands of questions came to his office daily for immediate



Are we drifting away from educational democracy?

Are Our Public Schools in Peril?

What a well-known educator has to say about the present day trend toward class segregation in private schools

WHEN introduced as the man who had done much to attract students to Boston University, and who had been responsible for its great growth, Professor Dallas Lore Sharp gave the Boston Rotary Club an address that thrilled every hearer to the marrow with an appreciation of the American public schools as the foundation of our Republican form of government.

"I am like the flustered preacher of Dr. Faunce's story," said Professor Sharp, "who, trying to read the text 'Enoch was not, for the Lord took him,' stumbled and made it 'Enoch was not what the Lord took him for.'"

This was his apology for changing the subject on which he had been announced to speak. He made the change because recent utterances of Dr. Eliot and President Neilson of Smith College seemed to him to call for answer.

"Both of them," he said, "spoke this week on democracy in education and both put stress on the private school; nothing bad was said directly about the public schools, but still they were left, as it were, with a black eye—it was as if the only hope for education in America was in the private schools.

"I should like to take the opposite view, for I believe that the salvation of our country lies not only in education, but in a peculiar brand of education.

"Dr. Eliot had come from the Brookline Country Day School. Now before that school was completed, a recent letter informs me, two thousand of the five thousand children in Brookline were in private schools. The opening of the Brookline Country Day School took more children away from the public schools; the schools themselves had felt the effect of this drawing off of their children, and the writer of that letter feels that the Brookline public schools, once famous as the best in the whole country, are in danger.

"I spoke recently before teachers of Harvard and Radcliffe. Dr. Finley, the New York Commissioner of Education, said that Harvard must be a great Plattsburg for teachers, and Mr. Lee, who introduced me, mentioned this. But I said that Harvard could not become a Plattsburg because Harvard doesn't believe in the public; Harvard is strictly private. So far as I can find out, only one Harvard professor has a child in the public schools.

"Dr. Eliot, announcing me, said that he himself attended the Latin High School as a boy, and that it was a good school because it was homogeneous.

"Nail that word 'homogeneous'; a lot of heresy is locked up in it.

"Then Dr. Eliot went on to say that no parent would send his children to the Latin School now to fit for college, because the school has become heterogeneous. His idea is that the best we can do in education is to train leaders, and let the rest of the crowd follow them.

"The public schools are losing ground. Mrs. Wheeler, the wife of a professor, said the other day that she had hunted in vain for a woman to address a meeting of New York alumnae in behalf of public schools, and begged me to come and speak, and I did.

"A letter from Portland, Oregon, sets forth the advantages of coming to that city to live,

and among others points to the fact that there are sixty-seven public schools in the city and ninety-six private schools. What does this reveal if not a situation highly dangerous to American democracy? It is charged with evil significance.

"The president of Amherst said one day: 'The thing I hate about the public school—' The thing he hated does not matter; but here is



DALLAS LORE SHARP

A shining light in the educational firmament, a writer of exquisite nature studies and fiction of great delicacy and charm, and a crusader for the American public school

a college president taking this attitude. His children had never been to the public schools, either.

"I took Mr. Sedgwick an article for the *Atlantic* on this subject. He said it was no good and that I was altogether wrong. He added that never in all his life had he been inside a public school building. His children never had gone and never would go to the public school.

"When you sum up the attitude of these men, it means that they have an utter misconception of the character of the public school and just as wrong a notion of the chief end of public school education. Its character is national; it is a fundamental institution of America. I almost believe you could suppress the churches and the Rotary Club and leave the schools as a foundation for American citizenship, and we'd be safe.

"But now we find the school looked on as an eleemosynary institution, handing out to the children of the poor what they ought to have and can't get anywhere else.

"Galsworthy says of England that her chief concern is education. How much more true is this of the United States!

"Though left in the hands of the various states our school system was founded to safeguard the rights and privileges of democracy, and the

average state has a chapter in its fundamental law compelling the giving of an education as the only way to safeguard those rights and privileges.

"The child may say, 'I don't need an education.' But the State says, 'That is not the question; the country needs you to have one.' Seventeen states actually have a preamble to the chapters on education giving the reasons why their Legislatures are called on to do this great thing.

"The duties of a citizen require what may be called an American education. You can't put an American child into an English school or a German gymnasium and produce an American mind. You may ask what there is peculiar about an American mind.

"Bryce says that in Europe everybody is taught to look up or look down. No matter how low a European may be, he can always look down on somebody else with great satisfaction. In America every man is taught to look at every other man on the level and in the eye. And he says—though I am afraid that it is not exactly true—that the American is taught to accept equality, to relish equality, and to make himself pleasing to his equals. And there, I think, is as fine a definition of democracy as you could find.

"None but the American public school can bring this about, because nothing else has the sanction of the government and the weight of the law behind it. I know private schools and parochial schools that do fine work; I know the work of the trade schools, but only one school can produce the ideal American mind.

"It is too late to try to do this in college; I have been a teacher for twenty-two years, and I tell you that the average educational age of the American man or woman is about sixteen—they can't be taught anything after that that is worth while.

"I know that the average man and woman come to college with all their educational clothes on. They condescendingly step up to the faculty and ask them to button—or hook—they up, to give them a little better fit.

"In a general survey of education the college is almost negligible. We are what we are by reason of what the lower schools make us. And they leave us somewhere between the fourth and the fifth grade! Do you think that this is a safe place to leave our country, with the responsibilities and privileges that come to every boy—and, nowadays, girl?

"What is the true end of American education? Dean West of Princeton said that it was either life or earning a living. Now you know you can get a living without education—or a great many of you would be starved. You don't have to have one to be a college teacher. You can enjoy life without an education, marry, and carry on all your functions. But you can't be a democrat, because democracy is always the fruit of thought and downright education. You can inherit all kinds of spirits, but not democracy. And so neither of Dean West's ends are the true ends of education.

"The true end is to know how to live together—what you are demonstrating in this great club. Nothing less dare be the end. Not how to earn more, how to enjoy life, but how to get for instance, the mismanagers of the railroads and the

heads of the railroad brotherhoods together, rather than see them meet head-on on a single track.

"I know that many parents would rather see their children dead than have them go to school with the other children of the same town. Death is preferable to associating with people from the other side of the railroad tracks.

"Now we must have bigger schools and better teachers and a system so good that we can finish the schooling at the age of sixteen. And we must have one course instead of all these specialties. To begin with, we have got to have a great machine for education equal to the machine for war, as thorough-going and efficient. But this would mean an entirely new attitude toward our taxes.

"We must have better teachers. Of the teachers in the United States, one hundred thousand never went to high school; three hundred thousand went only through the high school. Fifty per cent of your children are being taught by people who never went further in their own education than the high school.

"We have got to have a definite educational program. In the beginning we must do away with the college preparatory course. It is the most disruptive and destructive thing in American education that I know. Any standard that fits the child for citizenship ought to fit him for college. I'm sick and tired of people that come to college 'fitted'; I'd like to see one who is fit.

"We must do away with the vocational course. Life is too earnest to allow the precious hours of the high school course to be given over to learning to earn a living.

"I believe in work, work for all of us. I get up in the morning and build my own fire, and I go out and do my own milking. I believe that we all ought to belong to the working class, and I know that the vocational system is German, and is for the purpose of educating a worker-

class, separated from other classes. The fact of working ought not to separate us; Christ worked and had his kit of tools.

"We must do away with all vocational, all parochial and private schools that tend to separate us into classes. There is no room for them—except as schools for the feeble-minded, of course.

"I have four sons—four obstreperous, commonplace boys, boys likely to make good citizens. I asked John D. Long, who was a townsman, about the schools, and he said, 'If you don't like the public schools, why don't you do as the rest of us do, send your boys to Derby Academy?' I didn't like that; Hingham's public interest and support of education is divided by the presence of this Academy; the town really can't afford it, and as it is, our schools are away below the average mark. I finally wondered if my boys might not do a little good to the Hingham schools. I had found that most people have the attitude of 'how much my child can get,' not how much he can give, to the school.

"The mother went to school with the boys and stayed all day. Then I spent all night with the School Board. There was a hot time, but the schools were a little better next day.

"Then Bridgeport—I think it was—offered three of the teachers \$50 a year apiece more than they were getting—our three best teachers, who had made the Lincoln School the best one in town. I went to the superintendent, but he said, 'Let them go; I can get plenty more, just as good, in Bellows Falls, where I came from.'

"I went next to the chairman of the board, but he said if an increase were granted to these three, all the teachers in town would have to have \$50 more apiece.

"'All right,' said I. 'Here's \$150. It's worth that to me to have these teachers kept.' Did he take it? No; but they went down into their jeans and fished out a \$50 increase for all teach-

ers—and the next year half of Derby Academy came over into the public schools.

"If I could close up Milton Academy, what a high school that town could have! But Milton Hill is the last stronghold of feudalism left in America. One Milton teacher told me that the teachers out there can't find a place to lay their heads in Milton. 'Foxes have holes in Milton,' said she, 'and birds of the air have sanctuaries—but the school teachers have to live in Mattapan. A winter in Siberia would be Palm Beach compared with the cold-storage treatment meted out in Milton to teachers.'

"Milton believes in the public school; so does Hingham—for the public. But Milton and Hingham are strictly private.

"In the Back Bay, Boston, between the water side of Beacon Street and the Providence railroad tracks, there is just one public school. There are eleven hundred children in that school, and only one or two of them are Back Bay children. The rest are children from the Back Bay—children of laundresses, coachmen, chauffeurs—and most of them the riffraff from between the railroad tracks.

"One thing is lacking in the Prince School—the feeling of democracy. Only one thing can give it—the children of the Back Bay. And the Back Bay children are denied that privilege.

"There is not any other school poor enough in America for my boys, any except the public school. I'd like to have one of my boys a great politician—I've been training him for years to get Lodge. Another is to be a preacher; I wish another might be a poet, and the fourth I'd like to see a farmer—perhaps mixed with a college professor. But every one of them shall be a democrat—a simple, broad-minded citizen of America, who will appreciate the privileges of democratic equality, will relish the privilege, and will go out of his way to make himself pleasing to his equals."

HEART THRILLS AND THROBS

Continued from page 372

THRILL OF A FLEDGE TO THE FLAG

The Rev. Dr. John Hobart Egbert's thrill was a patriotic thrill, concurrent with the writing of a pledge to our flag, a pledge that has been given wide notoriety since its author finished it.

The pledge reads as follows:

"Flag of our Great Republic, hallowed by noblest deed and loving sacrifice—guardian of our homes; an inspiration in every battle for the right, whose stars and stripes stand for Beauty, Purity, Truth, Patriotism, and the Union

WE SALUTE THEE

"and for thy defense, the protection of our country, and the conservation of the liberty of the American people, we pledge our hearts, our lives, and our sacred honor."

Dr. Egbert presented the original manuscript, containing this national vow, to the Board of Managers of the New Jersey State Society Sons of the American Revolution. Actuated as he was by the keenest patriotic feeling, the author of this pledge has constituted for himself a place of honor in the field of those whose especial efforts proved their simple but devout love for the Stars and Stripes.

In commenting upon the presentation of this pledge, Dr. Egbert is quoted in part as follows:

"For generations, patriots, statesmen, historians, poets, philosophers, philanthropists, orators, and liberty-loving people throughout the land have been seeking to glorify 'Old Glory.' Our flag has been eulogized in common speech, in panegyric, in forensic eloquence, in poesy, in song, and in drama perhaps beyond any other material object. All the fervent feel-

ings of admiration, gratitude, reverence, loyalty, and devotion which have been inspired thereby, and the terms in which they have been so beautifully and forcibly expressed, are the common heritage of mankind. The form and terseness, however, was a personal matter."

Therein, it is presumed, lay the stumbling-block—to compile into ten words what would ordinarily require a thought clothed in twenty. And Dr. Egbert has accomplished this in his deliverance of the very beautiful pledge contributed to the Patriotic Society.

* * *

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM ROAD AGENTS

In 1867 I crossed the plains, starting from Cleveland, Ohio, going to Denver in a mule-train. My ultimate destination was the home of a cousin in Montana. His ranch house, situated about eight miles from the present town of Dillon, Beaverhead County, Montana, was also near Bannack, first capital of the territory.

We encountered Indians on the trip, and night after night men stood guard to prevent them nearing our train. Those were stirring times, to be sure, but it was three years later that I got a "real thrill."

I had been at Fort Keogh, Montana, and was going to Miles City. I bought a horse and saddle and started out after nightfall, in order that no one would know of my leaving. I was carrying \$4,800, and at that time "road agents" were a terror to the country. They were thieving gangs who held up stage coaches and express teams, to say nothing of individual horsemen. There were no courts of justice and the Vigilance Com-

mittee, or "Vigilantes," as they were termed, had not yet been formed.

Soon after I got out on the road the moon rose, throwing a light as bright as day. It was winter and there was snow everywhere. Presently I saw three men coming up on horseback. I knew they were after me. I conjectured that perhaps the man from whom I bought my horse belonged to the gang. My heart rose to my throat and stayed there. There was but one thing to do. I couldn't allow them to get the "drop" on me, so I pulled out at the side of the road, drew my Winchester, and waited. They dared not make a false move. They filed past, reluctantly, the last one whistling softly. I turned and kept my gun on them until they were far enough away to make it safe to move. Then I rode as though Indians were behind me, to a graveyard, there to spend the remainder of the night. I knew a "road agent" would not venture into a burying ground at night time.

Many times later I was told I was a lucky fellow not to have "passed in my checks." It developed that I was reputed to be carrying an immense sum of money, as well as gold-dust, in my saddle-bags.

As late as the year 1890 a man approached me in Helena, Montana, and said, "Say, Bill, you had a narrow escape that night in '70, that you left Keogh. They followed you for days." I looked at him closely and knew that I had seen him before. It came over me with a rush—he had been suspected of affiliation with the "road agents." At last I was convinced that he was either one of the men who followed me that night, or that he was operating with the gang.

THE RISE AND FALL OF JAZZ

ONCE in the dear, dear days beyond recall" there was in the Terpsichorean family an engaging little member called "Minuet." It led a brave and useful life, but died an untimely death—the death of a broken and neglected heart.

After its demise was born a rather undefinable member, whose actions were most extraordinary—whose head seemed to be always in process of vibration. People spoke of this member sadly, pityingly, and said it was a case of "softening of the brain," but it had bestowed upon its own self the non-quiotoxic name of "Jazz."

Little "Jazz" soon grew up to recognize that some one irresponsible person, blamed for bringing him into the world, had given him a pair of flexible shoulder blades. Jazz, quite ignorant as to the nature of their functioning power, decided for himself their office, and so began to shake and wiggle them in a strange, outlandish fashion. Now this made Jazz's more reserved neighbors speak still more authoritatively, yet still pityingly, about the severity of this case of "softening of the brain."

Thus endeth the first lesson.

Postlude: All physicians consulting each other as to the probability of a cure for this extreme case have, after weeks of careful deliberation, deemed it hopeless, and instead, returned to their former research work on "stationary ailments."

The human race has received manifold blessings. It is still a beneficiary. Not the least of these will be evident when King Jazz is dethroned. Oh, yes, his life is short-lived. Why? Because he will be spent ere long by the fury of his own folly!

People can't go on shaking shimmies and wagging trunks, much after the fashion of circus elephants, night after night, reaching the very apex of idiosyncrasy, and still pronounce it a great thing of the future, subject to prolonged life, indefinite. With all our tommyrot about "greater civilization" and a "more progressive world," there is still enough honest sentiment left among us to banish from this world of ours these "cannibalistic calisthenics." Of course there is a difference between modern jazz and cannibalistic calisthenics—it is this: the wild man's method of lubricating his joints is his religion. The white man's method is his sure damnation.

Without going into details as to who the perpetrator of the crime might be; what feverish, distorted mind originated these spasmodic "Can-cans" and "Jabberwock Jigs" that oppress man with sense and woman with sense, as he or she steps into the jazz emporium, it is enough to say this evident concentrated delirium and crowd-hypnotism will soon slide out by way of the back door, furtively and quickly.

Theoretically, technically, there is no reason why "jazz" should not be called a "dance." Noah Webster, in all faith, gives us this perfectly plausible definition of "dance." "A measured leaping, tripping, or stepping accompanied by turnings and movements of the body and limbs, and in unison with music or rhythmic beats, performed as a manifestation of emotion, as a religious exercise or as an amusement."

Jazz answers nearly all these requirements; it leaps, it certainly turns the body and limbs, and it manifests emotion. So long as Webster failed to qualify the word "emotion" in this particular usage, it is left a loophole for "jazzists" to play upon. Aided and abetted by a typically high-strung band with Zulu percussion instruments, these acrobatic facial and bodily contortions revel on, and soon lead to the altar of sacrifice, really "nice people" who, upon first viewing these goings-on, will probably release a muffled "Holy horrors!" but who will soon, if they attend enough of these functions, become re-educated to its barbarism.

We learn that the dance is symbolic of some deity, emotion, or people; and jazz? It might



Democracy

"—of the people, by the people, for the people"

People of every walk of life, in every state in the Union, are represented in the ownership of the Bell Telephone System. People from every class of telephone users, members of every trade, profession and business, as well as thousands of trust funds, are partners in this greatest investment democracy which is made up of the more than 175,000 stockholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

If this great body of people clasped hands they would form a line more than 150 miles long. Marching by your door, it would take more than 48 hours of ceaseless tramping for the line to pass.

This democracy of Bell telephone owners is greater in number than the entire population of one of our states; and more than half of its owners are women.

There is one Bell telephone shareholder for every 34 telephone subscribers. No other great industry has so democratic a distribution of its shares; no other industry is so completely owned by the people it serves. In the truest sense, the Bell System is an organization "of the people, by the people, for the people."

It is, therefore, not surprising that the Bell System gives the best and cheapest telephone service to be found anywhere in the world.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service



be likened to the "Dance of the Cruller, the Snakes, the Onion Bulb, the Skunk, or the Lost Jug." Unimaginative spectators call it simply, but with great feeling, "a sex-fight."

The Restless Sex, in order to preserve the scallop of their skirts, take care that the edge of the skirt is not less than twenty inches from the ground. This guarantees entirety of cloth through process of action, and the danger of stepping on their skirts is hereby eliminated.

"Jazzitis" has become so infectious that hitherto "nice college girls" who can bake edible bread at home, and who lead Christian Endeavor circles at school, still maintain their nomenclature while "stepping out" in this wise. At first, it has no other meaning to them, save that "everybody else is doing it," and they must keep in the ring. Then their dance-forms take on greater significance, and they become more tolerant of the idea, but what is still greater tragedy, they become vassals of habit. Soon

enough in their abandon of dance rhythm and the poetry of motion and exploitation of jazz, they become accustomed to looking upon themselves as a bunch of cattle on the run. They become accustomed to seeing "those dreadful wallflowers" stand on and smile at their antics.

A jazz emporium is more like a city zoo than anything else. Still it is "modernity," and to be respected as such. A modern something must needs be misunderstood by the general stupid public because, using the old moth-eaten argument, modern things usually come before their time; they arrive in advance of general thought process; hence, they are condemned damnably. Jazzists especially preen themselves on this qualification—they are misunderstood by the populace and accordingly they are something to be treasured until the time is ripe for them to blossom forth to a conquered world!

Still the mute observer is inclined to stand transfixed by this evidence of degeneration.

Mooseheart—Greatest Mother of Them All

Continued from page 360

reporter, he organized a press association, sold it out and entered the coal business, sold that out and was managing an insurance office when he was corraled with the Moose herd. This was in 1906 when Director-General Davis, as supreme organizer, instituted the Anderson lodge. Mr. Brandon was elected as dictator of the lodge the night of its institution, although the youngest member present. His advancement in the order



DR. ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

of Harvard, on the Board of Mooseheart Governors. He insists that the Child City is the greatest educational innovation of modern times

was rapid. The following year Mr. Davis assigned his organization contract to him and he acted as supreme organizer until May 1, 1908, when Mr. Davis returned from the West. Mr. Brandon re-assigned the organization contract to the big chief with the understanding that Mr. Davis would go out and get the members, while Mr. Brandon would try to keep them in. The following October he was made secretary in fact, after acting as such about a year.

Mr. Brandon was born in Indiana forty years ago in a log cabin on the Harmony Settlement grounds where the first social colony, similar to Mooseheart, was ever tried out on this continent. His grandfather went there in 1810 from the East with Robert Dale Owen, and was a participant in the experiment. When the settlement moved to New Harmony, Indiana, the old gentleman remained behind, taking a government patent on the land and spending the rest of his life there. In 1891 the family removed to Bloomington, about seven miles away, which was Rodney's home until he had completed his university course. His experiences since, as sketched above, together with his romantic beginning, make a rather comprehensive training in knowledge of human nature which must serve him well in the position he holds in the Loyal Order of Moose.

The Naval Holiday is on

Continued from page 350

sea power in all history, now responding to patriotic appeal—a world appeal that transcends something more than military or material power, is a picture of defeated glory.

Congressman Fred Britten is the genuine type of the young, vigorous, intelligent American. He was born in 1871 in Chicago, but was educated in the public schools and business colleges of San Francisco. He is a natural born constructive genius, beginning his life work in the general building in Chicago when that city was leaping forward with seven-league boots. His work extended to various parts of the United States and his alert active mind follows the most infinite details from the beginning to completion. He has a mind that is propelled entirely by facts and figures, and he is recognized everywhere as one of the greatest naval experts in any legislative body. His resolution will live as a climax in his life and naval history.

He has travelled much over the world. He is familiar with all the means and methods of construction, from the primitive stage to the latest approved and labor-saving ideas. He is a keen observer, a student with the mind of an expert engineer. He has typified the ideal of his country in giving little thought to the triumph of a life ambition, where it conflicts with a world ideal.

In his world travels, he has come to see and has studied the strategic points of commerce in connection with naval development. His recent visit to Constantinople has convinced him that this ancient gateway of the Aegean Sea remains today one of the most important ports of the world. Through it flows the trade of Russia and middle Europe.

It is not surprising that the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus have been the object of contention among nations, diplomats and statesmen of Europe for centuries past. The white man there is ready to absorb the products of America. Their needs and necessities are those of the Occident. The development of commerce would follow more naturally in the wake of a naval holiday than under the frowning guns of battle-ships in a war-worn Europe!

ECZEMA IS CURABLE

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I want every sufferer from any form of muscular and sub-acute (swelling at the joints) rheumatism, to try the great value of my improved "Home Treatment" for its remarkable healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address, and I will send it free to try. After you have used it, and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of getting rid of such forms of rheumatism, you may send the price of it, One Dollar, but understand I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer, when relief is thus offered you free. Don't delay. Write today. Mark H. Jackson, 430H Durston Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.

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RAMBLES in BOOKLAND

By ALLISON OUTRAY

THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR

THE breath of modern romance, a reminiscent touch of old Spanish chivalry, business intrigue, love, fighting, humor and frankly anti-Japanese doctrine combine to make the latest Kyne novel a most readable book—not, decidedly, the best that he has written, but nevertheless a satisfyingly, enjoyable story.

Peter B. Kyne qualifies admirably as a "native son," and a patriot (as his war service testified), as well as a novelist and a staunch, red-blooded American. His literary output has added at least one universally known personage (Cappy Ricks), to the annals of American fictional characters, and he possesses the happy faculty, not always evidenced by the exponents of a more meticulous literary style than his, of endowing the children of his brain with very human attributes. His characters are robust and red-blooded, and more through the pages of his stories with a convincing seeming of reality.

In "The Pride of Palomar" he has again achieved the same elusive effect of a portrayal of actual human beings observed in the midst of their daily loves and hates and hopes and disappointments.

Those readers who are best acquainted with Peter B. Kyne will quite naturally desire to read "The Pride of Palomar," and those who do not know him should read it and form his distinctly worth-while acquaintance.

*"The Pride of Palomar." Cosmopolitan Book Corporation: New York.

MASEFIELD NEW AND OLD

KING COLE," in John Masefield's new poem, "wanders shore and shire
An old poor wandering man, with glittering eyes,
Helping distressful folk to their desire
By power of spirit that within him lies."

He meets the disheartened showman of a traveling circus and fills him with fresh courage, so that such a show is given at Wallingford before the Queen and Prince as never has been seen before. King Cole moves through the story like an enchanter of old, changing dull things to gold by the magic of his spirit and the music of his flute. The volume is illustrated with drawings by the poet's daughter, Judith Masefield.

The Macmillan Company is also bringing out "Reynard the Fox" in a handsome new edition. It has four color plates by G. D. Armour, who is one of Punch's famous illustrators, and they all glow with the spirit of the hunt, and the excitement of the countryside. The many other illustrations in black and white by both Armour and Carton Moorepark lend additional sweep and charm to the action of the tale.

ISABELLA HOLT A WELCOME INTRUDER

A CHICAGO critic humorously complains that Isabella Holt has broken all the rules usually observed by new applicants for admission to the Chicago School of Fiction. Evidently Miss Holt surprised Chicago by quietly publishing her first novel, "The Marriotts and the Powells," without any of the usual preliminary formalities or fanfare of trumpets, but the Chicago Evening Post gracefully welcomes her book as a very fine piece of creative work. "Instead of the pseudo-sophistication of some of the mid-west products we have real maturity, and Miss Holt's style is clear and sparkling without ever being smart. The 'Chronicle' features of the book are finely done and well-

balanced. But taking the work as the love story of Diantha we may also praise it for its fidelity to human nature. And to do two such things as that and do them well in a first novel is a rather extraordinary achievement."

TAFT ON JAPAN

A GROUP of essays whose object is to stimulate thought in America on the subject of our far Eastern policy has been written by Henry W. Taft, the brother of Ex-President Taft, under the title "Japan and the Far East Conference." Mr. Taft shows that our material and political interests in the Orient demand that we follow a definite and consistent policy with regard to Eastern affairs, where our national idealism has given us a potent influence.

In view of the prejudice existing against Japan in some quarters, Mr. Taft seeks to present her case fairly, and maintains that no solution can be found for the problems of the Pacific unless the needs and claims of Japan are considered with open-mindedness and sympathy.

A MAINE HUMORIST

A MAINE shipbuilder in a Maine coast town is Tom Glenwood, the hero of John H. Walsh's new novel "Glenwood of Shipbay." He returns to the old town after ten years' adventuring in Alaska, and makes the place hum with his energy and breeziness. "Work kills philosophy," he tells his Shipbay cronies; "put a man to work, and you have perhaps saved society from a philosopher. And philosophy is a poor science. It teaches you how to get along without things, not how to get things." Tom calls himself a geologist and a builder of ships, but his crowning excellence lies in his shrewd humor. (The Macmillan Company.)



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The Nation's "Unknown Dead"

Continued from page 345

President of the United States; with the Croix de Guerre by Lieutenant General Baron Jacques from the Belgian government; with the Victoria Cross by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Beatty and the Earl of Cavan, representing the King of England; with the French Medaille Militaire and the French Croix de Guerre by Marshal Foch; with the Gold Medal for Bravery by General Armando Diaz of Italy; with the Roumanian Virtutea Militara by the Roumanian Minister, Prince Bibesco; with the Czechoslovak War Cross by the Czechoslovak Minister, Dr. Bedrich Stepanek, and lastly, with the Virtuti Militari by the Polish Minister, Prince Lubomirski.

After these foreign field bestowals, hymns and psalm-reading followed. Then the remains were borne from the apse to the sarcophagus, during which time the band played "Our Honored Dead." While the audience was leaving the amphitheatre the inspiratory strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" issued from the marine band, and more wreaths were placed on the coffin.

America watched interestedly the characteristic and mute tribute bestowed upon the unknown soldier by Chief Plenty Coos, Chief of the Crow Nation, who in representing the Indians of the country, laid his war bonnet and coup stick on the tomb.

Three salvos of artillery, and thereafter taps, with the national salute, and the Unknown Hero was left—alone.

Do you of the lay crowd attach no significance to the fact that a Secretary of War should have been requested to engender this plan of procedure, and instill in the hearts of mankind an everlasting sorrow that war should have caused its necessity?

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HERE is an educator who insists that education is a business—the most exacting in its demands, the most far-reaching in its influence, the biggest job in all the world. He believes that the schools have a product to sell, and the more people who can be made to feel a need for this product, the more enthusiastic they will be in spending for it to the limit. With him, the teacher is the educational salesman de luxe and the pupils are the customers who must be satisfied. If the customers are not satisfied, then there must be something wrong either with the product or the selling plans of the salesman. If the educational stock does not move, either change the sales talk or get a fresh stock of goods.



C. H. LEVITT

Prominent Southern Educator who is inculcating some new ideas in pedagogy

His dictum to the teacher—"Madame Teacher: If you would have all of your children do E grade work, do E grade teaching."

He believes that the greatest problem of education today—the only one that will ever solve the question of adequate teacher-pay—is that of getting the story of education's needs squarely before the public. He has done this so well by means of his publicity methods that his annual Year Book has become a text book for school men all over the country. Here are some "pedagogics" from his latest Year Book, "The Pupil in the Savanna Schools":

The final test of an educational product: (1) Who makes it; (2) What it is made of; (3) What it is good for.

In this great educational business, are you a clerk, an order taker, or a salesman de luxe?

Educational publicity takes the goods from under the counter and puts them in the shop window.

If it takes a \$50,000 man to run a million-dollar business, figure out for yourself the cash value of the woman who teaches that boy of yours.

Woman is the master of man in at least one field—teaching.

A trim suit, a good bath, a full stomach, a companionable home, plus an honest-to-goodness teacher are the best Americanizers.

Don't wait for the pupil to get out in the world to discover it; bring it into the school.

The record of teaching in America is the "Woman's Page" in history.

You can't give a thoughtful, interested boy too much liberty.

A boy can't be a good American with his toes sticking out and his stomach all in.

No youngster was ever "over-sold" in self-responsibility.

The only preparation for a virile, fruitful after-while is a strenuous, purposeful right-now.

Do you want to put your home town on the map—Mayoize it? Then make it an educational Rochester.

You don't have to live in a big town to do big things in education.

The pupil who asks a good question—clever and tinged with originality—should be given a grade of a million on the spot and his name carved high among the immortals.

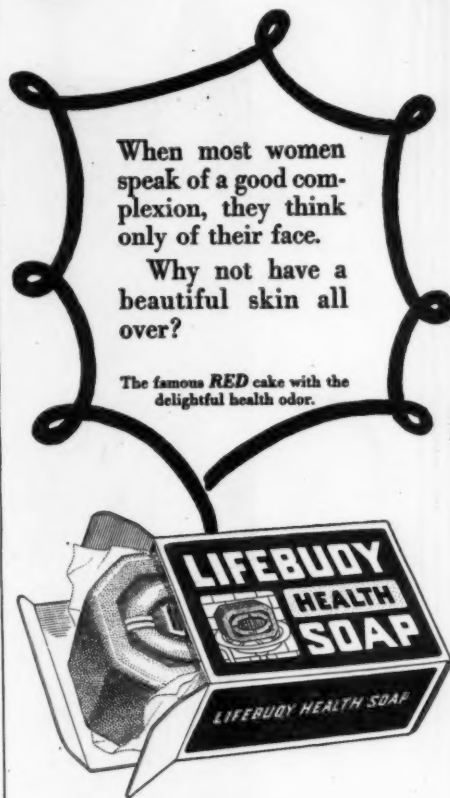
A Course of Study—the turnpike of directed experience.

Get away from the idea that the school is a place for instruction; it's a place for co-operative living.

He makes his school a world in miniature, one that makes Mary and Willie the center of the universe; a world in which the activities of the larger life are reproduced and in which books are the mirrors which illuminate and make vital the here and now. If the topics in the books have no bearing on the here and now, away with them; there is little enough time for the honest-to-goodness things without frittering it away on antiques.

Sometime ago Mr. LeVitt invited the fathers of Savanna to a "Dad's Night," which was celebrated in the big gymnasium at the Avenue building. Hundreds of Dads responded. Many of them had not been in a schoolhouse since they had left school in their early teens. Paul Garcia, an eight-year-old Mexican lad, beamed with pride as he presented his father to Mr. LeVitt, and Tony Crovatta, the little Italian, declared with his Dad that it was better than a movie. All sorts of athletic stunts were "put over" by the hundreds of youngsters who were the hosts of the evening, and even the eats were not forgotten. Already hosts of the men who were guests on "Dad's Night" have committed the heretofore unthinkable act of visiting the schools.

Mr. LeVitt has his Master's degree from Teachers' College and is a confirmed Deweyite. He has been a contributor to many of the educational magazines, and the writer of a prize story in *Collier's*. Still in his forties, his friends expect much from him in the solving of the vexing educational problems which must be worked out in the next few years.



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Steinway, "the instrument of the immortals," is still the Ruler of Music reigning supreme in the East Room of the Executive Mansion. The Art Grand Piano, gift to the Nation by Steinway & Sons, is in

ITS FIFTH TERM

Many great artists have played upon it since its installation in Roosevelt's second term. It has been the crowning glory of musical entertainments of three Presidents, their families and guests before President Harding, and it is good for many periods to come.

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